MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
Vol. 10 No. 12
50p

Our Christmas Cracker
21 GIRL SALUTE

THE OTHER BERTIE WOOSTER?
A SEXY SPOOF

BARED: AUSTRIA'S MOST
SENSATIONAL BEAUTY QUEEN

YOUR OLD TIN TOYS
COME TO TOWN

GIRLS AND THE MALE
STRIPPER:
QUEST REVELATION

FORTY YEARS ON:
THE CREWLESS
SHIP THAT'S
SAILING STILL

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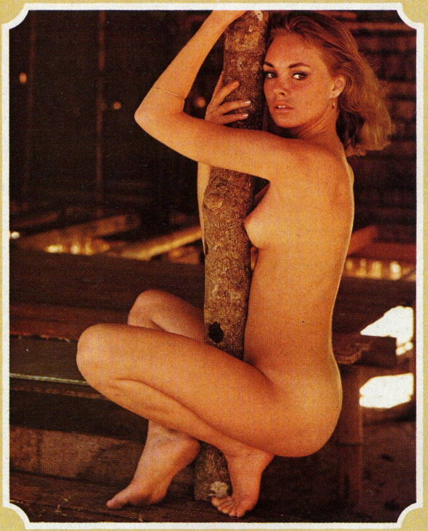
HAPPY NUDE YEAR!



Mayfair's 1976 Colour Calendar

Solve your gift problems and brighten up your own walls with our fabulous full-colour calendar – the biggest-selling and most popular of its kind in Britain today. Sultry Viola Nilsson (above), is just one of the gorgeous girls from the pages of *Mayfair* who'll greet you every day during 1976. A different picture for every month of the year in glorious, living colour. Each calendar is sent to you print-fresh in a plain, flat envelope to keep it crease-free and they cost just £1.25 including postage, which isn't a bad price to pay for having our girls live with you for a whole year. So send your order off now; our stocks won't last for much longer, and you'll kick yourself if you end up by missing out. Give yourself and your friends a great '76.

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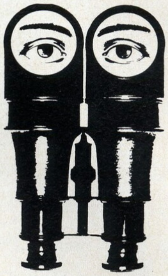


Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Another year, another Christmas and another special bumper issue from us to cheer your festive season. Although we've never made a habit of blowing too many trumpets to herald our successes (modest folk that we are), we're all of the opinion that this issue is a bit special. 132 pages crammed full of gorgeous girls – twenty-one, count them – intriguing features, involving fiction and of course the jokes and cartoons that go so well that we often think we're unofficial script-writers for some of the country's top comedians. And the entire package is exactly the same price as was our Christmas issue in 1972, which, in these inflationary times, can't be all bad. Leading our twenty-one girl parade is Margit Schwartzer, a 22-year-old top Austrian beauty queen whom we all feel is destined for great things. After seeing her stunning pictorial spread on page 76, we reckon you'll agree.

In addition to Margit, five other girls make their debut in *Mayfair* and with our review of fifteen top birds from the past, it'll be a really hard man to please who doesn't fancy at least one of our fancies. On the feature front, we recount the weird tale of the *Baychimo*, abandoned by her crew in Arctic pack-ice nearly half-a-century ago and still drifting at the mercy of the elements; and we take an affectionate look at tin toys – those old stocking-fillers that are fast becoming collectors' items.

Fiction leads with a strange erotic story set in Welsh Wales and if parody is your line, you'll go for our hilarious send-up of P. G. Wodehouse's Jeeves and Bertie Wooster. Jokes, cartoons and all our regular features are of course on show too – we just hope you'll find time for all the other Christmas pleasures in between the entertainment we've provided.

Regular readers will know that we're not exactly the GPO's number-one fans. Like everyone else, we were numbed when the latest round of postal increases were introduced at the end of September. It gave rise to the daft but bewildering situation that makes it *cheaper* for us to post a copy of *Mayfair* to Australia than, say, to an address maybe just round the corner from us. We're heartened and encouraged though to find that, like the Pony Express, your mail continues to arrive come hell, high water and Sir William Ryland. We regard our postal rapport with you, our readers, as being unique in magazine journalism and we look forward to reading your comments, opinions and even the occasional brickbat for a long while yet.

Finally, a word or three of wisdom to those stumped for present ideas for male friends and relations. There are *Mayfair* calendars and subscriptions of course (plug plug), but for any real unashamed Male Chauvinist Pigs, what about a real MCP 'club' tie? Little pink pigs stare disdainfully from a blue background at all Women's Libbers. The ties are made by the H. T. Greenlaw Company of Romford, Essex, and are available for near three pounds in shops throughout Britain and at Bolders in London's Strand. Or for film buffs of either sex, Poster City of Redan House, Redan Place, London W2 have produced a really attractive set of six Thirties film posters featuring, among others, the Marx Brothers, Jean Harlow, Humphrey Bogart and Mae West. Unframed, the posters are just 98p each, whilst a good-looking aluminium frame in kit-form comes for about £6. Each of the posters is individually numbered as part of a limited edition of 5000 prints per design. Both ties and posters seem pretty good value to us.

LETTERS

This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Only those letters bearing the name and full address of the writer can be used but all requests for anonymity will be upheld and name and addresses reduced to initials and town on request. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Watching the closing credits to the TV comedy series, *Man About the House*, recently, I was struck by the clever way in which the one male-two females theme of the programme was illustrated during the end credits: for example, two tubes of lipstick and a shaving brush, two Martini glasses and a beer glass and so on. I was quite shocked, however, to note that the last illustration showed a cockerel and two china cats. Would you believe a cock and two pussies?

Ross D Herbert, Virginia Water Surrey

Mayfair's letters pages are quite fantastic, and make compelling reading. But most of all it's Quest which is tops of all, offering that memorable insight into the minds of everyday women. Quest in Vol 10 No 10 was very meaningful, at least for me. Dealing with exhibitionism among women, it was stated that for some women the thought that they are being overlooked in the throes of sexual intercourse, actually enhances their enjoyment.

In my experience this is definitely the case. One Sunday, during the recent long hot summer I took my girlfriend to Addington Hills, Croydon – a woodland park where one can relax free of too many prying eyes. We took a picnic lunch, and after eating we had a kiss and cuddle and finished up in a heavy petting session. As my girlfriend was wearing only cut off jeans and matching denim bra, I soon found myself with an erection, my jeans and Y-fronts down and my girl, bra-less and shorts round near her ankles, locked in combat.

After a few minutes of softened moans she opened her eyes to see two other girls, about 17, standing at the top of a little rise 20 or so yards away, watching us. But far from jumping up and pulling on her shorts, she told me we were being watched and proceeded with her love-making with renewed vigour. After orgasm, the only embarrassment came for me when I had to emerge, in full view of the still watching girls, and put myself away.

L R, Streatham, London

It is with great scepticism and an equal amount of amusement that I turn to your letters pages whenever I can get my hands on a copy of *Mayfair*. It seems to me that many of your correspondents are missing their paths in life. I suppose it is fortunate in that respect as there would not be enough kings around to cater for these jesters.

Even so, I must admit that, if *'Name and address withheld'* were to bring out a book, it would probably be at the top of the best-sellers list after a few weeks.

Granted, a few of your letters may be genuine, and to the authors of those which are, I apologise, but in the main I'm unwilling to believe that anyone with commonsense can be taken in by such fantasies. Whenever I start reading about someone sharing his experiences with other *Mayfair* readers I think 'Oh God, here we go again', and picture a little old man in a mac sitting at his desk playing pocket billiards as he searches his brain for the next erotic paragraph. One particular letter had me rolling about the deck with uncontrollable mirth when it appeared. It was about a man in a block of flats having it off with his neighbours – both mother and daughter. OK, fair enough, but when it comes to mother and daughter muffing each other out, I'm afraid that seems a bit far fetched.

I'm also amused by the thoughts of correspondents believing that the mention of having a nurse as a girlfriend opens the doors to all forms of eroticism. Utter nonsense! Nurses are the same as any other girls, only they have more tolerance and far more responsibility than most. I suppose it's all down to uniform. Yes I'm inclined to think these people ought to have been court jesters.

Geoff Whetton, Health and Safety Department,
HMS Defiant, Plymouth

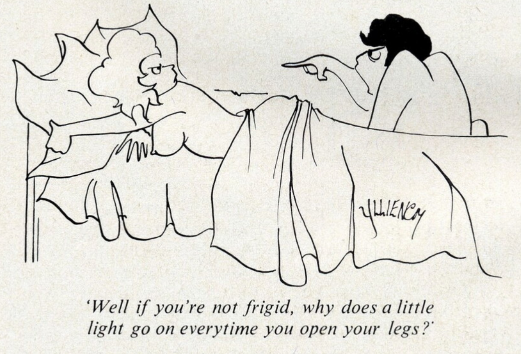
Well, Geoff, what can we say. It seems you've made your mind up already that our letters aren't genuine. All we can do is re-iterate that they are, though we do realise that many correspondents over exaggerate and sometimes float off into the bounds of fantasy. Believe us, we have no need to invent letters.

I wonder how many readers had their memories awakened by GM Glaskin's fiction piece, 'A Gift of Love' in Vol 10 No 8. Maybe I'm a bit of a sentimentalist but I could not help feeling that he had hit on a theme that a lot of people go through with their first girl.

I can still remember by pathetic attempts. It wasn't that her family were much better off than mine, but that she was obviously way ahead of me in matters relating to sex.

The only trouble was that I was too blind to see this, feeling then at the ripe old age of 15 that I was in love and that this was the girl for me. Such naivety. It did not finish exactly the way Glaskin's story did, but it certainly, painfully opened my eyes. I suppose a lot of us go through an experience of a similar sort at the beginning. Or am I in the minority for not sizing things up right from the start? Thank you for your excellent magazine, keep up the good work.

Dennis Taylor, Stroud, Gloucs



'Well if you're not frigid, why does a little light go on everytime you open your legs?'

It was surprising to read Simon James' The 'Windjammer That Went To War' in Vol 10 No 7. As the grandson of an officer from the *Seeadler*, I was most impressed with this article, although perhaps I know even more about Captain Graf Luckner and the *Seeadler* than Simon James.

Mr James wrote very objectively and the tenor was clear (there was no resentments).

Ralf R Maus, Stuttgart, West Germany

I didn't think that any issue raised in your stimulating magazine would actually drive me to pick up pen to write in sheer protest. But this is just what has happened. And to Hell this time with the colossal postal charges!

My enjoyment of the delightful Barbara Kingsland (Vol 10 No 6) was quite eclipsed by the presence of a moustached Romeo who had all too obviously got in first. The only sensations I felt on surveying her beautifully exposed curves were frustration and loss. How fabulous to enjoy her company, in the flesh if possible; but I get no kick at all out of seeing your models enjoying each other. Three, it seems, is still a crowd.

D Newsome, Reigate, Surrey

Do you know how widely circulated your *Mayfair* jokes are? On the recent television programme *A Joke's a Joke* on ITV, I heard three *Mayfair* jokes. The one about the patented mousetrap in Vol 10 No 3; another about a chap going into a snack bar and asking for a crocodile sandwich (punchline: and make it

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VANESSA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

'I'm a sensualist,' admits 23-year-old Vanessa Harding brightly. 'I can't help it. I feel absolutely awful unless someone is drooling all over me. I crave attention.' Her hazel eyes flicker at us with appealing honesty. Telling the truth is one of Vanessa's favourite occupations. 'Especially to a man I really fancy, and he's trying genuinely hard. It's so nice to just lean over and say, "It's all right. I really like you too. Shall we go somewhere?" Don't you think that's nice?' We

thought it was. Uncovering her 38C–24–36 inches for our camera seemed a logical extension to a natural desire to please. 'I honestly enjoyed putting on all the frilly undies and satins. They are so sexy, just feeling them against your skin, and I'm an awful show-off anyway. I can try on clothes for hours. Does that make me a narcissist?' We thought it might, but who cared if Vanessa was happy. She laughs throatily, half the purr of a contented cat. Hampshire-born, Vanessa went to Southampton nearly six years ago and has worked as a croupier, barmaid, waitress, receptionist and sales representative. 'Doesn't that sound posh? Now that was a bit dishonest. I used to carry this case of office equipment, but I was really only supposed to make appointments for the proper reps who turned up later. I met some nice people though.' And her definition of someone nice? A thoughtful pause. 'I think someone who's interested in me.' She grins. 'Though I once fell madly in love with a man who ignored me. A challenge I suppose.' A man in a million indeed.

‘Come full moon and Sioned leaves her cottage door wide open, boy,’ the postman told him. ‘So the devil can go up her chimney, man. And you too!’ He just had to find out. He knew the full moon would find him at her door

She-Devil of the Moors

Fiction by Mark Bourne

ILLUSTRATION BY WAYNE ANDERSON

Sharply she drew in her breath.

‘Sorry,’ I cried.

I looked up from the toes I had trodden on. Above the post office step the long dress flowed. She faced me in clouded loveliness.

‘Okay,’ she jerked. ‘Didn’t really hurt.’

‘But isn’t it a bit cold for bare feet?’

The luminous eyes changed like a stone tossed in a pool; contracted, took me in. Dark hair fell before her shoulders, framing the face, a cameo. ‘Well, do you really want to know?’ I nodded.

‘Well, it’s the earth-force,’ she hissed earnestly. ‘Bare foot it comes right up you, understand? See?’

What I did see was her moulded calf as she hitched up the dress. No more than a glimpse. But the earth-force seemed to have come up highly effectually. Her dress and body seemed to curve up like a bell.

The sort of bell you’d gladly put your clapper to . . . Oh yes.

Then in a minute she had gone. Like that.

A flash of nails. Green nails?

Then nothingness.

A Welsh witch maybe? Yet seemingly of flesh.

I crossed the village street and took breath.

‘Sioned the Votty.’

‘What?’

‘I saw you stub her toes. Good job, too.’

Beside me was Arwel Davies, postman, large ears, peaked cap.

‘Why?’

Arwel spat in the street. ‘No good up the Votty, lad. Once they live up in the clouds and the rain they go off their rocker, boy.’

‘Seems to be losing her nut in a pretty handsome way.’

‘Don’t you believe it, boy. All looks and nails with her . . . and can she use them, boy? Why, up there they all goes mad. Take Harry the Rhos. Blocked his hearth with stones for years. In case the devil comes down the chimney, see.’

‘And she?’

The flat face twisted. ‘Sioned? Bah . . . come full moon and Sioned leaves her cottage door wide open, boy. For what? So the devil can go up her chimney, man.’

‘You . . . you mean?’

Arwel’s face took on the dull deep smile of beaten copper. ‘Aye, I do. I mean that. You can sweep her precious chimney for her, boy . . . Anyone can on the full moon.’

‘Her . . . you can’t mean that?’

‘I do. Now seeing as it’s only you and me. I’ll warn you, boy. Sioned lays down for it, legs opened, see. You’ve seen the legs? You will . . . and it . . . you can touch it, boy.’

I gave the knowing smile of disbelief.

‘Aye, you can grin. But you haven’t heard the half. When it comes to taking it, just when you’re there and in, fights like a bloody tigress, boy.’

‘Love play.’

‘Play? Scratch me eyes out of me head? And if it wasn’t so public I’d show you me back. I’m telling you, you get so far, and that’s that.’

‘I’d chance that, shape like that.’ Besides – though I didn’t add that – look at Arwel . . . and look at me. We can’t all have good looks, can we? I looked at him. ‘Is she alone up there?’

‘Aye, Sioned’s alone. Three cats and the devil up there under the stars. And talk of the devil . . .’

Out of the post-office glided Sioned, moon-white toes and face of graven stone. Never looking back, she swept a shawl over her shoulders, its green openwork like a spear down her back. Her nails flashed emerald. She seemed to walk on air.

We watched her in the silence of her spell.

‘Now, boy, I’ve warned you. Go down to town if you want anything like that. Better to pay for a poke than have a cat mauling your back.’

At home I got down Whitakers and looked up the next full moon.

☆ ☆ ☆

It was dusk a week later when I drove up, the time of the rising moon.

But just at the moment the moon wasn’t going to play. Clouds rested on the hills, and I left my car in the pewter light that was neither night nor day.

A tangled web of hedge, uncut for years, staggered down to the Votty. Beyond swelled the pagan dark of the moor.

The whitewashed house was unlit. Pale and bare as a skull it grinned, as I knocked at the door. The knock seemed to fill the house.

Then suddenly it opened, the door. A cat shot out.

‘Pss . . . t . .’ hissed a voice after it, ‘O, sir, thought I heard someone.’

Tall in the chink of the door the form rose, clad to the ground in something light, a frozen waterfall. She peered down at me, the ghostly flower of a face. ‘Well, sir.’

‘Well . . .’ I broke off. Somehow the grand thoughts seemed to fly away. I hesitated. ‘This . . . this . . . this is the place?’

‘The place? For what, sir?’ Like tongs the dark eyes took me in.

God, I thought, Arwel, you swine. Letting me in like this. The form before me looked about as hopeful as a bit of statuary.

‘Well . . .’ I dithered, ‘. . . Just the place. Look, I couldn’t come in?’

‘In?’ The eyes opened indignantly. ‘What? Lost your way or something?’

‘Yes,’ I said truthfully.

‘Well,’ she said reluctantly, ‘come in. I’ll light up.’

In a moment, lamp-glass in hand, she had lit the flame. In the bare-beamed room she held up the lamp. To see what the moon had brought in . . ?

More like what had been brought in by the cat, the way she looked at me. But she . . . Sioned stood in barbaric beauty, the lamp gilding her. It caught the swell of her dress. It beaded the throat that swept up to the face of the sorceress. It . . .

‘What did you say you came for?’ she broke in. She swept her free hand over her hair. The nails flashed, seemed to taper off into space.

I stood stockstill a moment and took one deep breath. ‘You . . . I suppose.’

Our eyes met.

Then hers narrowed. The lips shivered. ‘Me, what do you mean, me?’

But my breath was up, my will. ‘Maybe I could explain to you . . . upstairs . . .’ It came out slowly, heavily.

She lowered the lamp in her hand. It sent the shadow of her scuttling up the walls. Just the image of her chin and brow gleamed through the darkness. The rest was gaps in loveliness.

‘So . . .’ she hissed formidably, ‘so that’s it.’

‘Yes.’

Back she threw her head, the white neck arched. Then suddenly she laughed, loud, harsh, cracked. ‘Sorry, sir, wrong address.’ And there, leaning back on a table, she hung hooting, the shape of a question-mark. She could only just get the words out. ‘The . . . door . . . sir . . . is over there . . . mind . . . the . . . step . . . on . . . your

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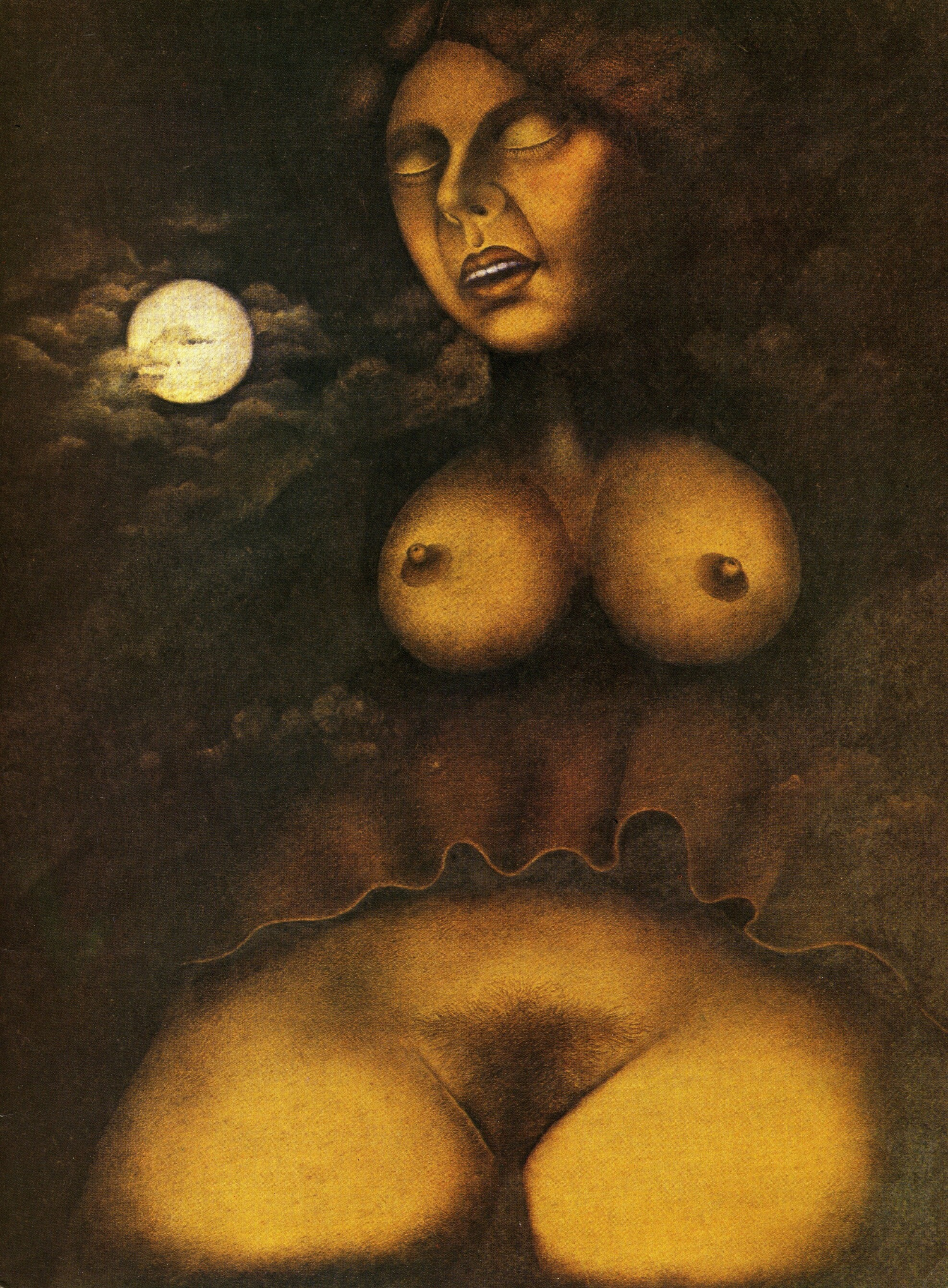

She-Devil of the Moors

continued from page 16

way out . . .' It was drowned in her laugh. 'Goodnight, sir, don't slip on the path.'

The coldness that flooded me . . . the trick . . . the conspiracy . . . Arwel? Or she? The thoughts swirled through me.

While she lay back with laughter in the tightness of her dress.

But even the demoniac can overplay their hand. The blatant mockery, the outstretched form. Something went in me.

She relaxed, thinking I was going.

My hand shot out. I had her by the arm; and the untouchable arm of the devil was soft and warm.

The rhythm of her being changed like that. One electric tremor of a shock. One self-strangled 'no . . .'

And Sioned, harsh and terse, seemed sort of to let go. The slit eyes softened. The grip on the table relaxed. The tautened body fell limp, and soft round lips breathed 'O'.

I had found, as all men find, that the key to a woman is always, literally, in your grasp.

We were upstairs. Just how I don't know. She had brought the lamp up. Turned it low.

And in the low light, her long hair trailing back, her face was white, ecstatic, in a trance. I dropped beside her on the long white bed.

In the mottled darkness, there she was, close, conspiratorial, secret breast, masked leg.

In a moment I had her face – pale brow, swept hair, dark lips – in the numbness of a first kiss. Then in a second kiss of success. For as our lips hung there, I put my hand down; touched the long dress. And through it felt the rising waves of her flesh; the arching thighs that dropped to nothingness. Her breath quickened to a sob, and I put my hand up to the pouting breast.

O, shades of Arwel. While he was playing fumbling postman's knock . . . me . . . I was going to get the lot. What could stop me? I cupped the pent-in breathing with my hand, my fingers on the bodice-line.

Under the dress the studs stood out, quivered as I worried them. Ready she was, as a peach to be peeled. I reached for the back of her dress . . .

And be devilled to the warnings I had had . . .

One by one, she let me unbutton it. Down her it fell. And there she was, a complaisant sitting torso, trembling on a bed. In the half-light, her upper-deck was masked only by one straining ligature . . . her bra.

And there her swelling pride panted inside. Would she let me lower it?

I put my hand on the clasp behind. She quivered but only sighed. She let me fumble with the catch, and then the straps went slack.

And there they were, willing, hanging, on display.

Two tits, bold as the world, their nerve-ends twisted up for touch and play.

And would she let you? Arwel, don't make me laugh. She put nothing in my way.

So I teased the roundies with my fingers till the tips were risen wax. Until she moved and nearly cried out loud.

And then I put my fingers down.

Her skirt.

She'd never let me get away with that? I waited for it to explode or something in my hand. But, no. Not a bit.

Not a breath from her. Only the swell of her tits above, panting and proud.

That warning. I laughed as I touched the hem of her dress, as she let me work it up. First from the floor, then slowly up into her lap . . .

The arch of her legs glowed in the lamp. The thighs, exposed, rose then dropped away. Her skirt was tight above them. I put my hand up the gathered folds and felt . . .

She let my fingers tiptoe up the skin. Then work around the equators of her thighs. To the edge of the world, where the world dropped away . . . This was the end . . .

And only the strained panties to hold it in . . .

Would she let me. Or would she . . .?

My fingers hooked up the delicate cloth. My fingers tightened, roping her whole seat in. She was held by the trembling strings of cloth. I had gathered her panties tight, and held in one gorgeous knot, her cheeks, her crotch. Everything . . .

Would she let me break the knot?

'Can I?' I hissed.

She said not a thing. In the terrible beating silence, I snatched. The panties ripped.

She was mine. Down to her very thing.

And all they had warned . . . I was in. She quivered as she felt my finger there.

I touched flesh, dribble, hair. She winced as my finger began to trouble her. Slowly, remorselessly it went up . . .

She heaved, her whole body rising like a wave, upon my one finger.

And I'd soon put something better there . . .

'No . . .' she breathed with joy. 'Get it out . . . your thing . . . put it up . . . your poke . . . I've got to have it, dear . . .'

I got it out, pushed her back across the bed. Her legs were wide like a chair's, and the heavy skirt was up.

O, ghost of Arwel and all fool men . . .

She was mine to fuck, and fuck again . . .

As she hung back over the bed, I fed it up. I felt the clamouring lips grip it. And then suck.

I felt them grab my great beat.

Then suddenly she stiffened, screamed.

'No!' The shriek thrilled round the room. Up she threw her torso, seat in air. She

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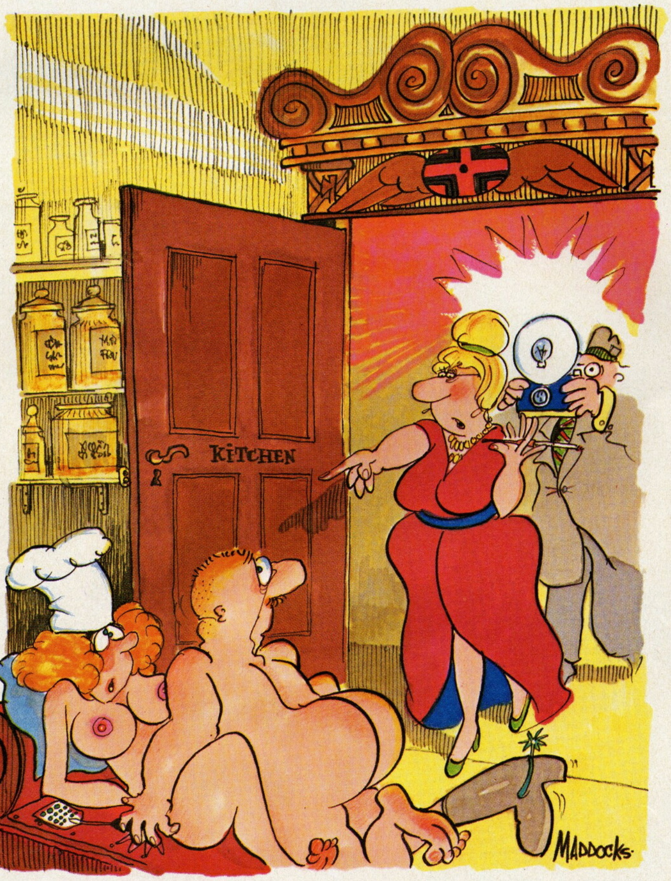

'Ach zo, you have goosed your cook!'

SECOND OPINION

Mayfair's medical consultancy with Dr. Charles Vintner

This page is to help readers with medical and psychological problems they might find too intimate, or too slight, to take to their doctors. Dr. Vintner's advice is meant to complement that of the reader's GP

My wife has recently confessed that she has had Lesbian tendencies since she was 12 years old. She says that at times her urges are so overpowering that she cannot resist them. She craves for the companionship of another woman and cannot help herself until this need is satisfied.
She does, however, also possess a normal appetite for straight husband and wife sex. We would like to know if there is any treatment to curb her Lesbian behaviour. Mr and Mrs J G, Darlington, Co Durham.

Very few of us are one hundred per cent male or female. There are residual homosexual tendencies in almost all of us. They may be slight or deeply hidden, but nevertheless, they are there. In most cases they don't come to the surface.
There is only one form of treatment and that is for Mrs J G to consult a psychologist, who by analysis, will be able to get to the root of the trouble. If the psychologist also practises hypnosis, then he/she may well be able to eliminate these cravings and change Mrs G's desires into more normal ones.
Treatment will prove costly as the NHS system rarely allows sufficient time for really deep analysis. And that's what's required here.
In numerous cases Lesbian wives are very much stimulated during normal sex and even the thought of a wife making love to another woman is a big turn-on for many husbands. I did once advise on a case where the situation had developed into a threesome, with the husband first acting as spectator and then, after his wife had reached orgasm by her Lesbian friend, making love to his wife and even the other woman.

I am in prison, and the inmates here, myself included, would like to know if it is true that a man is closest to a heart attack when he ejaculates during masturbation or when making love to a woman? G A H, Alberta, Canada.

As pointed out in an earlier column, any activity, running for a bus, masturbation or copulation, could bring on an attack. The chances of this happening, thank goodness, are extremely rare, unless the heart is in bad condition through angina, clotting, or hardening of the arteries.
In fact, if an attack were to happen, it would do so prior to ejaculation, when the tension is far greater, for on ejaculation there is a release of blood pressure in the genitals.
During erection and masturbation/coitus, the penis is engorged with blood but the pressure is usually confined to the abdominal area.
As a matter of interest, research on both sides of the Atlantic has shown that regular sex is excellent therapy for those who have suffered heart attacks.

I am married with one child. I am 61 years old and my wife is 55. I am at present desperately unhappy as our sex life is not at all satisfactory. After intercourse my wife turns cold physically and mentally and I am made to feel unwanted for days afterwards. I have tried to talk to her of my distress in feeling that her love for me is uncertain, but she is unwilling to talk about it. I have a feeling that she cares more for our son and the house than for me. It's at these times like that I wish for the warmth and affection of another woman. I work very hard – 12 hours a day – in the gardens of a large hospital. I have explained to her the need for her encouragement, but she tends to be prudish and does not like to be naked with me. I do not wish to break-up our marriage and wish I could find ways and means of altering her cold attitude. I have great difficulty, when we do have sex, in entering her and this I feel, too, is affecting my potency. J M H, Gosport, Hants.

It's a sad fact that many women who perhaps have never been really enthusiastic about sex in the first place, use the menopause (and I assume that your wife has passed it) as an excuse to cut down their husband's enjoyment – as well as their own, of course. Admittedly when a woman passes the menopause there is often a considerable reduction in vaginal lubrication, which in turn can bring about a lack of elasticity in the vagina and apparent reduction in size.
Where a woman has been prudish, she will tend to withdraw into herself, fail to discuss the problem and blame her husband for 'thinking of nothing else'. This may be due to her childhood upbringing where sex would have been a taboo subject.
Your local Marriage Guidance Council will be able to help if your wife refuses to see her doctor. Failing that the best idea is to gradually condition her thinking by introducing her to books which describe the joys of sex in later life.
If you are interested in a lubricating cream in the meantime, then K Y Jelly is one of the best as it is non-greasy.

You may think I'm depraved, but sometimes I think to myself that I would like to do something sexually disgusting. Something like being gang-banged. My boyfriend has quite a few mates whom I find good looking, but a bit rough. Do you think it horrifying of me to ask them all to screw me? Miss W C, Croydon, Surrey.

I would think that if you really wanted it, you could get gang-banged very easily, indeed. But you would most probably regret it afterwards, for once the thing has started it's no good crying 'no more' after the first or second. I doubt if the reality would match your fantasy. Surely your boyfriend can provide sufficient variation to meet your extreme fantasies. If not join a group sex circle for then, once your appetite has been satiated, you can leave – no questions asked!

Dr. Vintner welcomes your letters and all letters will be treated as confidential. No names and addresses will ever be published, but full names and addresses must be included in your letters. Your letters will be acknowledged by an acknowledgement sent in a plain sealed envelope. The name Dr. Charles Vintner is a pseudonym for a qualified medical practitioner.

DR. VINTNER REPLIES ONLY TO LETTERS FOR PUBLICATION. NO CORRESPONDENCE WILL OTHERWISE BE ENTERED INTO.

Address your letters to: Dr. Charles Vintner, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.

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BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Have you ever considered just who it is that controls your love-making? I don't mean that it's any different these days of women's liberation, flaunting females and all. And I certainly wasn't thinking of those old sleeping-car stories – like the little boy who comes back from the loo, accidentally steps on the man in the lower berth and hears a lady say 'thank you'.

No, I'm asking with the literal sensation in mind of gripping thighs, neat little ankles drumming delightfully on the small of the back . . .

The point being that we chaps, playing the hunter as our fathers taught us get ourselves into these sensuous traps under the sweet illusion that we're in charge.

There's a certain young ripe figurine of a secretary in Frederick Mullally's new novel (a strangely fascinating construction based on the premiss that Hitler's Reich gets a million miles nearer to winning than history says) whose undulating hips catch the imagination of a young army officer deputed to take down the Fuehrer's new book at dictation speed.

Dictation, however, turns out to dwell twixt the folds of the girl's moss-green taffeta dress. Her blonde hair loops and flows over her bare shoulders – that's when she can only count to 68 and before it sweeps in easy movements across his unprotected thighs . . .

For the girl, you see, is a veritable hawk in pursuit of – well, whatever turns her on. In the case of this young man it's not what he's got so much as what he is lacking that stimulates her. Briefly to move ahead to a later page in **Hitler Has Won** (Macmillan, £3.50) what he lacks ain't what you fear he lacks. And just because he comes to see his girlfriend unexpectedly, and finds her in bed with a second supple young fraulein whose hips are encumbered by nothing less than a pale pink dildo . . .

No indeed. Our hero lacks merely the lower half of his left arm. For most of the evening her response to this lack has been inventiveness itself: 'She had been generous, padding back from the bathroom, freshly scented, and readying him with unhurrying lips and knowing hands for their second and deliciously more protracted coupling.

'She had been inventive when they made love again, abandoning the bed to explore standing and sitting positions to which his missing arm and hand would have contributed little . . .'

So far, you'd think, she's been merely ministering to his pleasure, labouring in those charming ways to which a nubile young woman is prone (so to speak). Or is she, though? The question is meant to sound as sinister as you like, and not just because this is nasty Germany and the young frauleins are secret camp commandants in long black boots with whips at the ready. Dominate, yes, she certainly does, but in an entirely personal way.

He's holding a beer in his one good hand as they stand naked, close together, smiling at their own reflections in her full-length wardrobe mirror. She murmurs a sweet something in his ear: 'Make it move for me again, darling.'

And make it move he does, without resentment, half-a-dozen couplings notwithstanding. He flexes a muscle, exposes the fair crinkly hair that seems to please her so much that her probing tongue gyrates among the follicles.

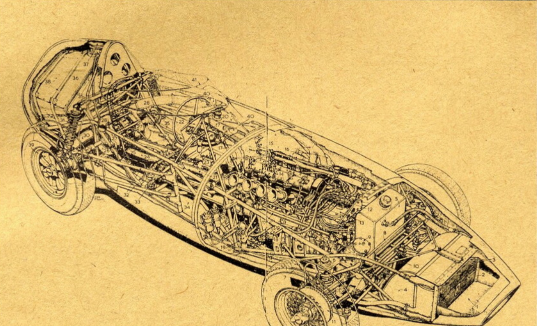
She leans back from sucking dry the fair floss of his armpit. For the muscle he's been flexing is the deltoid of his shoulder and the limb she's been caressing is the short wasted stub of his upper arm. Her lips are slackened, as only a woman in total sexual control of the situation lets them ever fall, as she says: 'Will you let me try something rather wicked?'

The young man, perhaps amazed at his own helplessness, replies: 'I have one hand and it's holding a beer. How can I stop you?'

Ah, brothers, indicate to a woman that whatever it is she has a mind to try (if that's where she keeps her mind) and excitement will follow: 'She took the beer from him and made him lie down on his back. In the mirror, he watched her take up a crouching position with her hips over his left shoulder and her torso reversed to his, putting her head over his loins. "Raise it to me, Apollo." The plea, muffled by his hardening penis, came with a straining of her right hip against his cheek and a searching swivel and thrust of her pelvis.

'The stump of his arm rose to meet her and it was an incredible sensation, for the "ghost" of his severed arm was still with him and it was as if that arm were plunged through the warm sheath of her body from womb to throat, and its prehensile hand were urging her bobbing head to its task.'

Bond of flesh – bond of love – come those tight hoops of corpuscle and pounding blood vessels and all-embracing, all-encasing loins . . .



This cut-away diagram of Tony Vandervell's 1958 Grand Prix car is one of 131 illustrations in 'Vanwall', by Denis Jenkinson and Cyril Posthumus (Patrick Stephens, £4.95). The book offers an insight into the man behind the car which in 1957 re-established British pride by winning our first classic GP for 30 years.

I like a man
who looks after
his equipment

which is why I like Charles. Charles bought one of those super Zerostat anti-static pistols to protect his records. He says that every time you take a record out of its sleeve you charge it with static (and the dust homes in to smother the record and clog up the stylus!). But, by using his Zerostat regularly his records sound sweeter and last longer. The pistol only costs £6.99 inclusive and is so easy to use and costs nothing to run.

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FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring
♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

****♡**Rollerball** (AA), 2 hrs 4½ mins. In 2018 corporations rule the world, having abolished war, poverty, pollution and pain. To remind everyone of what they're missing is Rollerball: a televised team game with armoured players on roller skates and motorbikes whose aim, by fair means or foul, is to score goals with a heavy steel ball. Rollerball is meant to show the futility of individual effort – an aim thwarted by the increasing popular appeal of the veteran Jonathan E. (James Caan). Persuaded to retire, Caan refuses so the Rollerball rules change, first so that no penalties are recognised, then – when Caan keeps on rolling – without time limit, which means to the death. Beautifully photographed, well-acted – particularly by Caan as a semi-articulate muscleman struggling to understand the apparently incomprehensible – it combines the chill of a Watergate-type thriller with the thrill of a sporting saga. The film remains the best sci-fi epic since *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

***♡**Race With the Devil** (AA) 1 hr 28 mins. Two peace-loving American couples, including Peter Fonda and Warren Oates, on a caravan holiday eavesdrop on a witches' ritual murder. After which the entire Mid-West seems up in arms, axes, snakes and suicidal motorists intent on mayhem. No characterisation to speak of and the most frightening thing is the women's screams. But a nice sense of paranoia. Everyone the couples meet turns out to be a witch and crazy for blood.

***♡♡♡**The Romantic Englishwoman** (AA), 2 hrs. Michael Caine is a successful paperback writer who prompts wife Glenda Jackson into an affair as material for a film he's writing. Director Joseph Losey's view of English middle class life is needle-sharp and scathing: a nice moment when Caine and Jackson enjoy a naked re-union on the lawn one night only to find themselves in the headlamps of the neighbour's car. 'How's the garden, old boy?' enquires neighbour as Miss Jackson exits nudely. Add to that a grope with lover Helmut Berger in a hotel lift and a standing bout in a summerhouse.

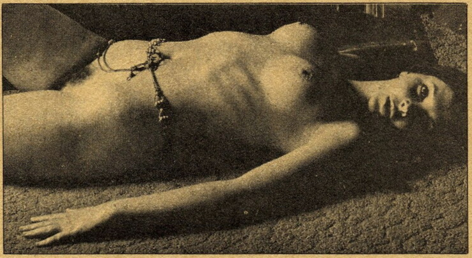
But all is flawed by a rushed and muddled ending.

*♡♡♡**The Reincarnation of Peter Proud** (X), 1 hr 44 mins. Sadly not even the welcome presence of the gorgeous Jennifer O'Neill can save this story of a college professor discovering that he is the reincarnation of a man murdered 30 years previously. For students of sex in the movies, there is probably the first showing in the UK of a female, full-frontal underwater masturbation sequence (coupled in flashback with a rape scene). This occurs some 20 minutes from the end, so you can snooze until then.

****♡**Love and Death** (A), 1hr. 25 mins. American comedian Woody Allen directs and stars in the story of one Boris Grushenko, a craven coward in pre-revolutionary Russia, conned into an assassination attempt on Napoleon and executed. Comedy is a notoriously private enthusiasm, and to me Mr. Allen is a comic genius. For those of a similar mind this is his tightest and most Allen-like movie yet – none of the crudities of *Everything You Wanted to Know About Sex But Were Afraid to Ask*, or the *longeurs* of his futuristic fantasy *Sleeper*. The laughter embraces broad slapstick and the most deadpan verbal duelling, knocking literature, philosophy, love and death. 'Tell me what death is like,' asks his wife (Diane Keaton) as a ghostly figure wafts the freshly executed Boris away. 'You know the chicken at Treskey's restaurant?' he says. 'It's worse.'

♡The Drowning Pool** (A) 1 hr 48 mins. Again Paul Newman has played Ross MacDonald's private eye, Harper (first was in *The Moving Target*). The film lacks action – it takes Harper three quarters of an hour to slug anyone. Film centres around the corruption of money-mad wealthy Louisiana gentry. Paul Newman is handsome, but adds very little else to this film. A bit wet.

ANNABEL OFFERS A GREAT DEAL



Annabel Blake (Vol. 7 No. 11) is only one of the nude delights in Mayfair's five issue bargain deal. For £2.00 we'll send you Vol. 7 Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12 and Vol. 8 No. 2.

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Nightlife

continued from page 25

with a continually-changing approach to the current requirements, booking Tom Jones, the Supremes, and all the world-class artists to lead their superb glamour showcases – international shows with 20 leading beautiful long-legged dancers, staged by Billy Petch whose shows have appeared at The Pigalle, The Folies-Bergeres in Paris, and the Tropicana and the Dunes in Las Vegas. Coincidentally, the stars of the floorshow at *The Talk of the Town*, a tall willowy singer called Jacqueline Jones and a perennially goodlooking young man called Charles Yates, appear nightly after the Talk show at **Churchills Club.** *Churchills* gives the opportunity to see an international floorshow, again produced by Billy Petch, in an intimate setting in a sophisticated small club, and I asked Harry Meadows if the recession was getting to him, and what his plans for survival were. Rumour had it that Harry was going to combine his *Churchills Club* operation with the **21 Club** in Chesterfield Gardens which he also owns, but this was news to the great maestro. 'Just come on down here and talk to me about it,' he said. A clever move, whilst I was kept waiting for fifteen minutes before a table could be found in his nightclub. When *Churchills* closes, we will have to put it down to the lease.

Across the road and just behind the Ritz, the *Caprice* has reopened in Arlington Street in the old premises but with a completely new style. The *Caprice* has bowed to the demand of a changing clientele and adopted the style of a Carving Room with a difference which befits Mayfair. The difference with a normal carving room where you take your knife and amateurishly hack at delightful barons of beef and sides of lamb, is that in the *Caprice* of course they have a white-coated maitre-chef standing by the hot meats to carve to your requirements. Although many of the old staff have been re-engaged, the room is watched over by Robert Bartella, one of a new generation of knowledgeable young men who can see what the public now requires and changed the older order for the new.

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Anyone who saw the televised last night of the Proms could note the paramount place that Elgar has in English music. The emotive threads of his Pomp and Circumstance March No. 1 raise the dated words of Land of Hope and Glory to sublime level, and the roving camera eye picks out festive promenader and staider loggia seatholder united in emotion.

Even greater power to move audiences comes from Elgar's most famous work, the **Enigma Variations.** Decca have produced an excellent new record with Leopold Stokowski conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra recorded live at a concert in Prague (PFS 4338). In depicting the emotions of Elgar himself and thirteen of his friends, Stokowski separates with craftsman skill their individual characters. This particular record includes Elgar's **Serenade in E minor for strings** and **Elegy for Strings.** Such a popular classic, of course, makes a most acceptable Christmas present.

With Christmas still in mind it's the right time for a nod towards church music. For those who warm to choir voices lingering in the fan vaulting it's easy to recommend: **Music at Magdalen: John Stainer** (Decca ZRG 811). The disc is devoted to the music of the great nineteenth century composer, chorister and organist. The choir of Magdalen College Oxford, directed by Dr Bernard Rose demonstrate effectively that the King's College Choir at the rival University do not totally rule the church music scene. The particularly fine track is 'Lead Kindly Light' with its special associations with Oxford and Newman. The choir's forte is its control and balance.

With opera becoming so expensive to stage we shall have to rely more and more on recordings. For opera tyro or expert alike what better than Luciano Pavarotti rendering **The World's Favourite Tenor Arias** (Decca SXL 6649). The bright, inspiring Pavarotti voice is ideally suited to such a record.

These are your favourites, so let's hail the girls who made last year memorable

Playback of your Best-loved Birds

Undoubted queen of last year's perky full-breasted blondes was Norwegian-born Rannveig Laing (left), unbuttoning in thoughtful mood. Effervescent Vilma Riley (above) combined stunning looks, a vibrant personality and a memorable 36-inch 'jut', while wistful-eyed Claire Nicholson (right) rousèd more than protective feelings among admiring readers.

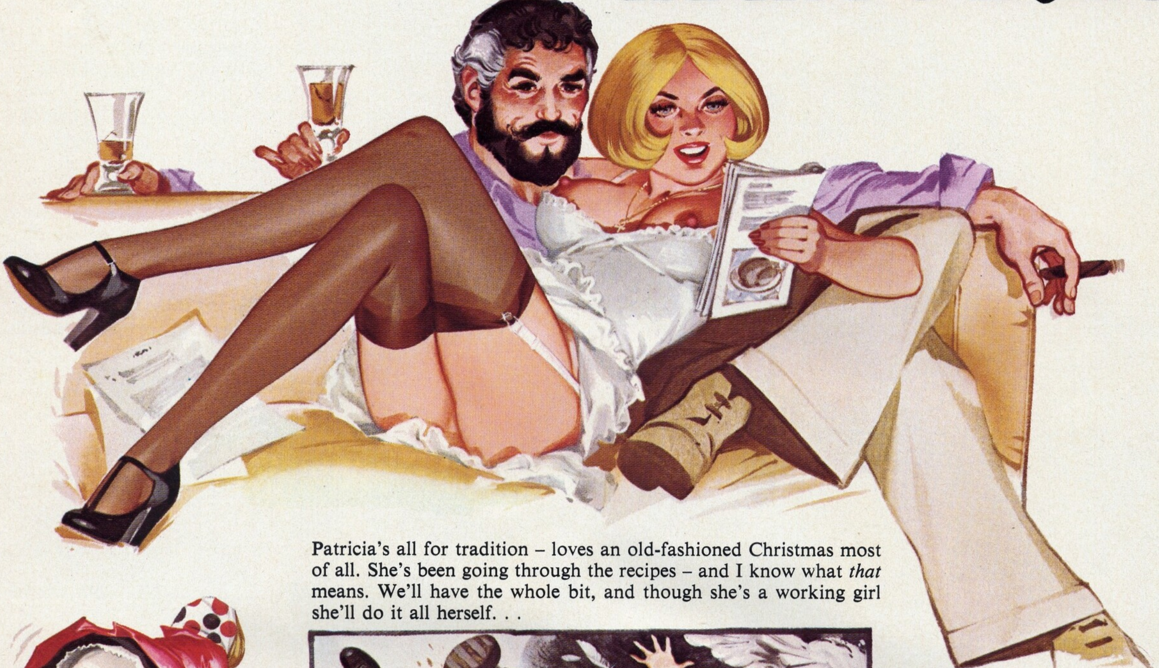
Leading our list of top cine-birds was dark-haired, dark-nippled Jenny Westbrook (left) whose appearance in *Confessions of a Window Cleaner* prompted one Lancashire reader to see the film five times. Golden-haired, golden-pelted Paulette Allen (below) from London's Shepherd's Bush pleased us all with her breezy nature and cheeky attitude to sex. Motorbike-owning Amanda Curtis (right, inset) offered a sultrier, more soulful kind of sexuality which struck chords with many readers. 'She can ride with me anytime she likes,' wrote one biking enthusiast. 'And I'll show her my bike too if she's interested.' Elfin-faced Elaine Selwyn (right) believed in 'inner nudity'. So did we.

'Winner of my "Twin Moons" Award for the year's most provoking posterior,' enthused a grateful Wolverhampton admirer of sleek Marilyn Looms (above). One reader from Glasgow was moved to purple prose: 'She's my private erotic landscape. I could wake every morning to her picture on the wall.' Since we first met this 21-year-old Leicestershire lass through the weekly magazine *Reveille* the sentiment seemed appropriate. Olivia Paddon (far right) touched a similar erotic chord. A favourite dreamgirl, this Northern beauty matched a look of dewy-eyed innocence with devastating sexuality: a combination to run us all ragged. Farther afield, bright-eyed Inga Britt (left) was spotted nude sunbathing in the Bahamas, while Karen Boyes (near right) kept her end, and our spirits, up in the Aegean.

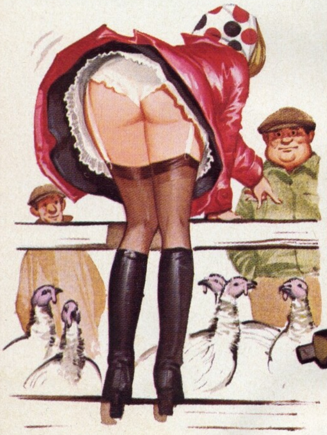
Most popular peek-a-bum view of the year belonged to 19-year-old Bonnie Norman (below, left). Sweet-faced Brummie beautician Tricia Gray (below, centre) insisted on keeping her pants on tight, while the astonishing 41DD frontage of Roberta Baird (right) set up tremors of admiration among titilated readers that are still reaching us. Meantime sloe-eyed Miss Solent, Lesley Fears (main picture) – one of our most popular beauty queens – soon had us all at sea.

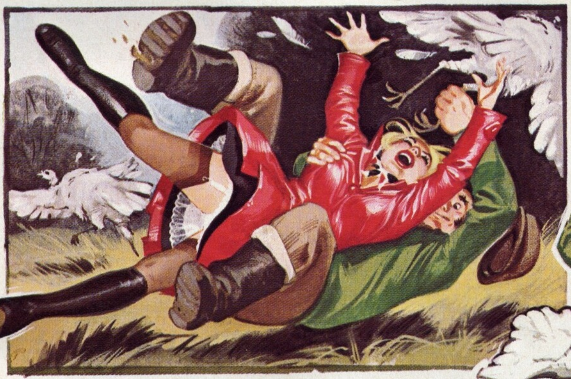
Our diary of a man-about-birds

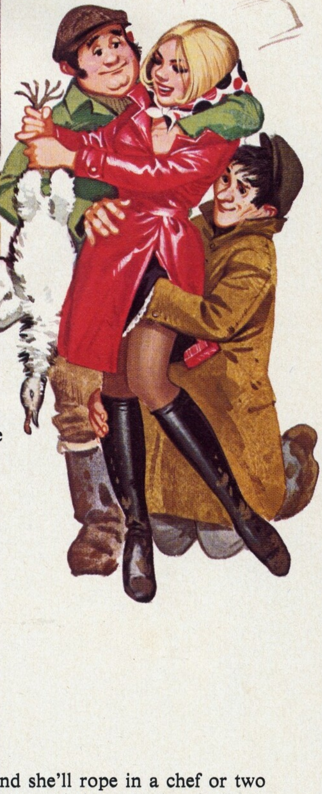
ADAM'S EVES



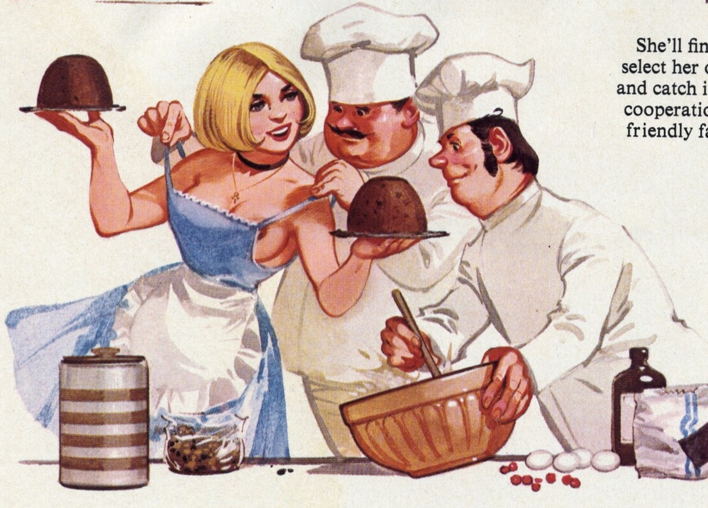
Patricia's all for tradition – loves an old-fashioned Christmas most of all. She's been going through the recipes – and I know what *that* means. We'll have the whole bit, and though she's a working girl she'll do it all herself. . .



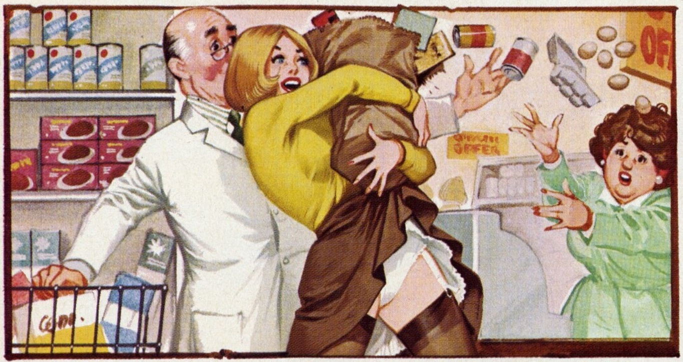




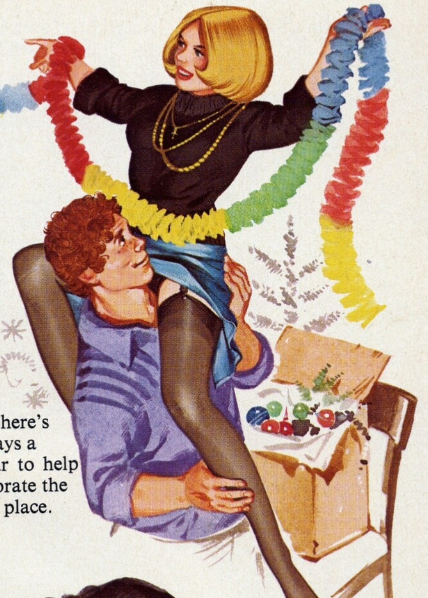
She'll find time to
select her own turkey
and catch it – with the
cooperation of some
friendly farmers . . .



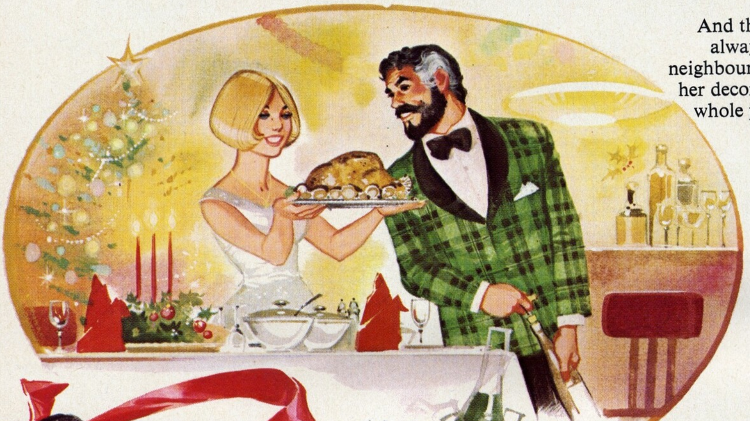
And she'll rope in a chef or two
and get their professional advice
on her puddings . . .

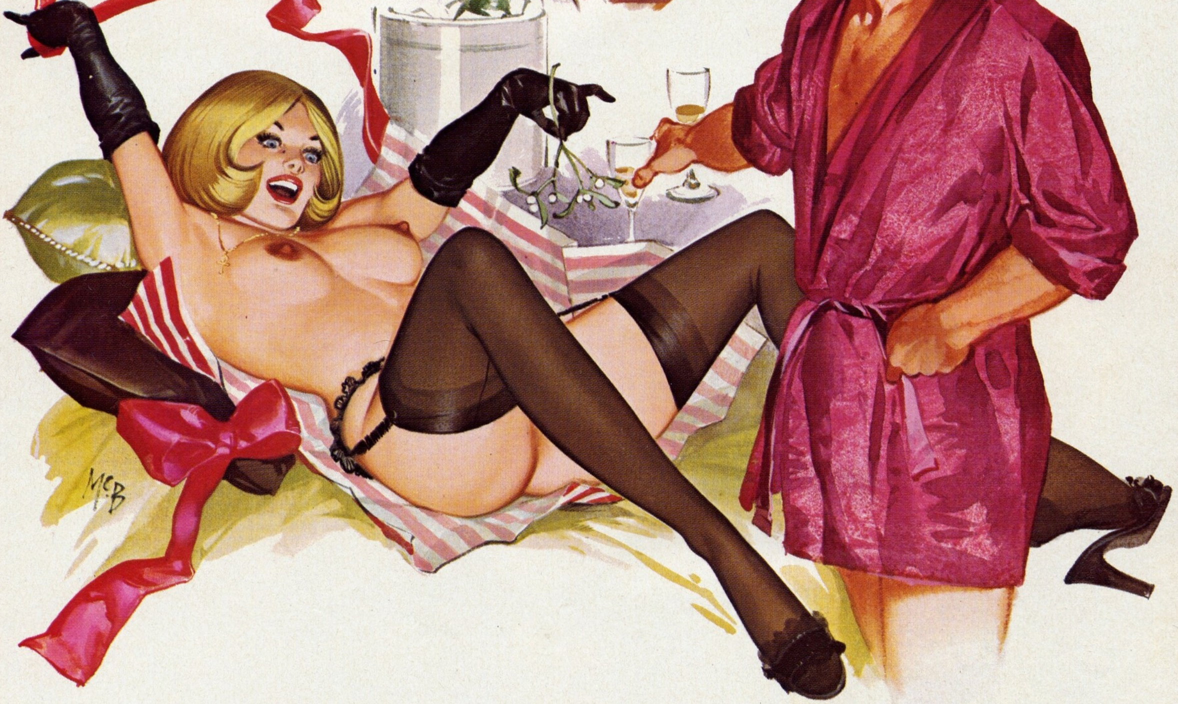


Patricia always provides enough for an army.



And there's
always a
neighbour to help
her decorate the
whole place.





The meal will be perfect, of course – and then,
to the strains of a suitable carol, we'll unwrap our
Christmas presents . . .

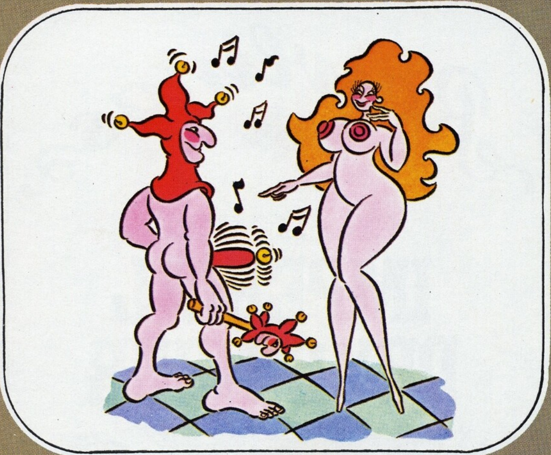
ELIZABETH

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
SIWER OHLSSON

Botolph's Town in Lincolnshire isn't a town one immediately associates with great events. But it was from there in 1607 that the Puritans set sail for Holland, were arrested, tried, sentenced and imprisoned. Botolph's Town, or Boston as it's known today, is also the stamping ground of 18-year-old blonde beauty Elizabeth Johnson. 'No relation to Isaac Johnson. You know, the Pilgrim father who founded Boston in America,' she giggles. At 5' 4'' and with B-cupped

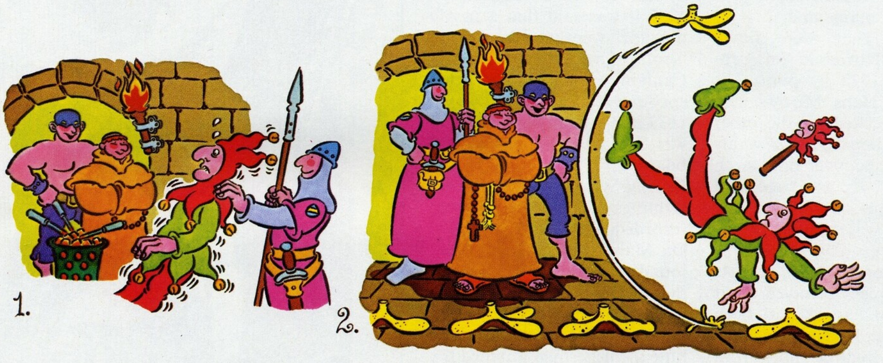
35 inch breasts bobbing unencumbered by bra, pink nipples barely outlined under a light blue Daily Mail T-shirt, Elizabeth turns heads everywhere she goes. 'I suppose I do have a nice figure, I mean, 35–22–35 isn't bad is it? But God, I hope the photos you've taken of me, don't make me look too bad. I know what some photographs can do . . . you see, I've just started taking photography night classes, strictly at Instamatic standard.' Elizabeth isn't all that fussed about settling into a career, having just gained eight 'O' levels. 'At the moment I'm content to live a little bit, see some of the world, though I suppose in the long run I'll settle down here in Boston. It's so pretty, full of old churches – the stump, you must have heard of that, St Botolph's Church tower, it's the only visible landmark for miles around, and from the top you can see Ely Cathedral in the distance, though to tell the truth, I've never climbed to the top.' One of Elizabeth's favourite Boston spots is the White Hart pub, where she can sit at pavement tables and study the passers-by. 'I love watching them,' she says,

long fingers supporting a black, gold banded cigarette, 'faces are so intriguing, don't you think?' We agree. Elizabeth's had a succession of boyfriends; unfortunately for them, none have lasted over long. 'They've all had one thing in mind and one thing only – how to get my knickers off! And that's not what I'm looking for in a relationship. Truth to tell,' she giggles, 'I very rarely wear knickers. If I met a boy I really fancied and I believed that the relationship involved more than just sex, I'd probably want it, too.' Back home she wanders, through the open market, stopping off at one stall to buy some samphire. 'Samphire. It's a local sort of delicacy. You can pick it wild from the marshes. I call them succulent vivid green sausages, something like cactus in shape, much smaller though. You just boil them. Tastes like a kind of salty asparagus.' We'll take your word for it, Elizabeth.

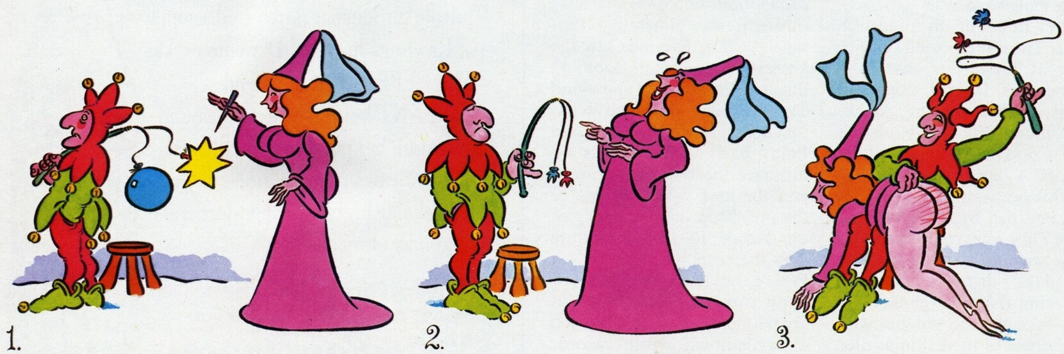


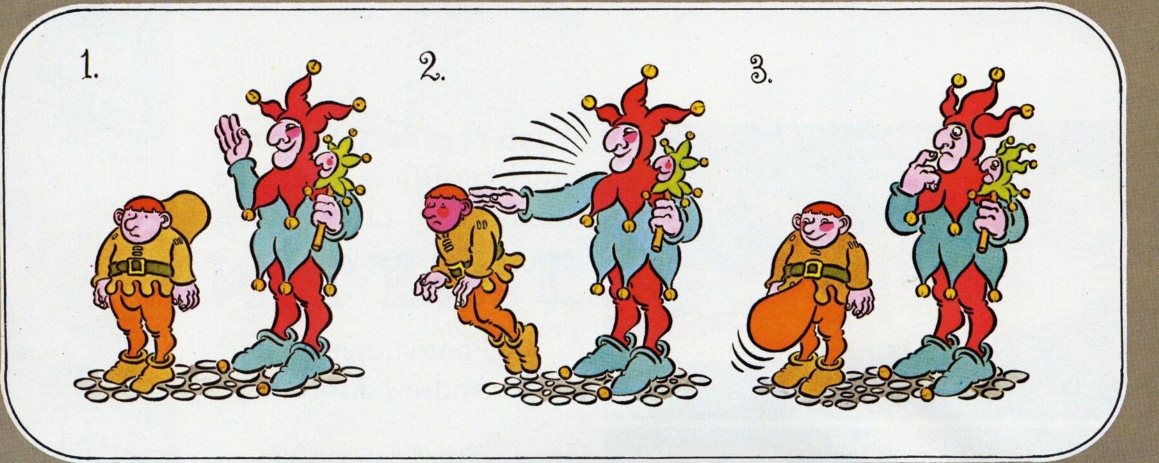
Jester bit of fun

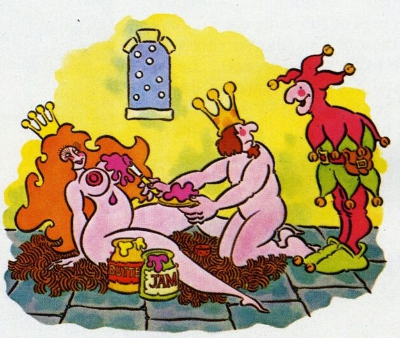
Some court jesters would do anything to raise a laugh. Cartoonist Colin Leary takes a festive look at their antics



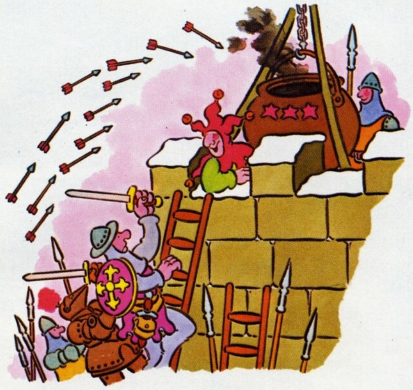
'No, please, not trial by ordeal!'



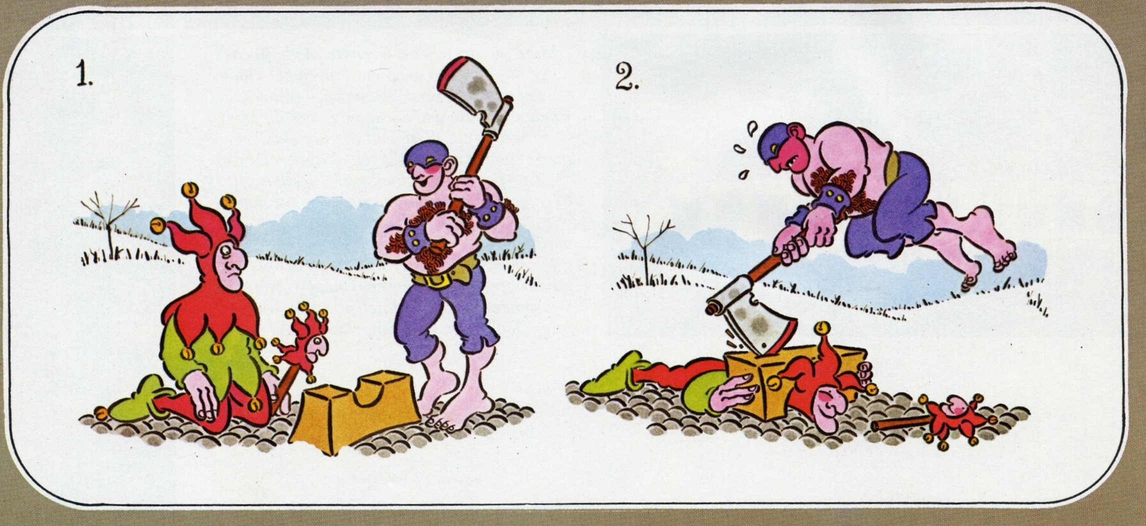




'Sire, shall I call your official taster to sample that first?'



'Ten gallons of three star?'



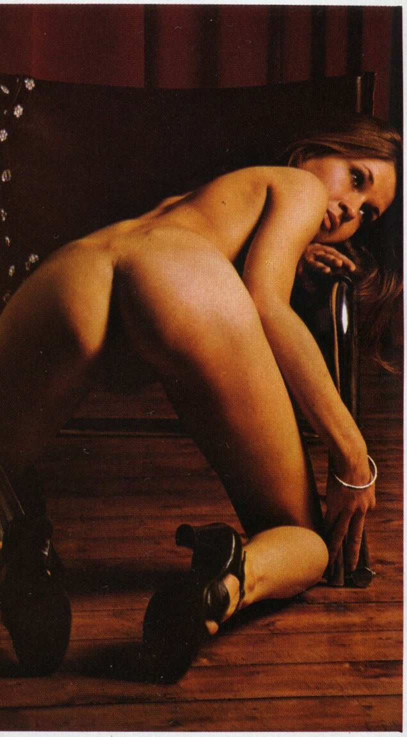
LAURA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN

It's always been a secret ambition of ours to bring you a global 'A to Z' of female talent. Girls from America and Australia started us off and we progressed ever onwards over the years via Nigeria and Thailand and then marked time for a while one letter from the end – Yugoslavia. Happily, 22-year-old Laura Heaton-Smith unwittingly

gave us the last letter of our adorable alphabet as her birthplace was Lusaka and as those of a geographical bent will be quick to spot, Lusaka is the capital of Zambia. Laura has only lived in London for the past five years, moving over here soon after leaving the Greenfields Girls School in Cape Town, South Africa. We met her while she was working as a cashier at *Charlie's*, a friendly and cheery restaurant named after the little fellow with the bowler hat and cane, in Soho's Wardour Street. Soon after, her 5 feet 7 inch, 33–24–33 was erotically arranged in front of Clive McLean's camera and while Clive clicked, we chatted. About men: 'I can spot guys shooting a line a mile away. Honesty's an important factor for me.' About her relationships with other women: 'Some of them get the idea I'm trying to pull their men. Silly really – there are enough men around without having to pull them off your girlfriends.' About sex: 'Mmmm.' A smile. 'Does that tell you what you want to know?' Laura grins wickedly. 'Actually, there's an old joke

about sexual honesty. You know, the one about the guy who stands in the middle of Piccadilly Circus handing cards to girls which read: 'If you fancy a bit, ring . . .' He got his face slapped a lot, but he pulled a lot of girls too! If I was in the mood, I just *might* respond to an approach like that. It'd be a change from being shown a load of etchings!'



MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / LAURA HEATON-SMITH

With tongue in cheek, we look at what might have been if Bertie Wooster had become a sexy swinger

Wizard bang, Bertie

A P. G. Wodehouse parody
by Simon Alexander

'I say, Jeeves', I squawked, 'steady on with the strobe lights.'

'I beg your pardon, sir?'

'The luminescence, the radiosity, the bally sunshine or whatever you call it . . .'

'Ah, sir, you wish me to moderate the intensity of the solarisation permeating the venetian blinds. The sun is very strong at noon. Your morning tea, sir.'

He placed the soothing cuppa on the bedside table and beetled off to his Dostoyevsky or whatever he reads for light relief.

I dived under the bedclothes again, head still reeling from the sunshine's assault on the senses, like a thousand Shirley Basseys in sequins.

It had been quite a pleasant evening, nothing out of the ordinary; quiet dinner down at the Drones club with a few of the fruitier specimens at present infesting the metropolis: after the lobster and champagne, the usual ripping wheeze of bunging the empties at passing top hats; ending up by locking Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright in the bog with a bus conductress. Life is getting a bit humdrum, I reflected. The sun beamed merrily in. I contemplated a leisurely day – quick turn round the Park, helping old ladies across Piccadilly, all that sort of rot. Quick flutter on the 3.30, then round to the club for a spot of supper.

Suddenly disaster struck, as Jeeves hove into view across the Axminster with a message on a silver salver (or it is salver silver?). The dread missive bore the seal of my Aunt Agatha – well known throughout the Shires as an unmitigated blister, particularly where her influence on the Bertram Wooster Allowance was concerned.

'Jeeves!' I croaked, as I scanned the ultimatum. 'Aunt Agatha is sending us some frightful sort of . . . pubescent gel.'

'Teeny-bopper is, I believe, the current term, sir.'

'Well, one of those – to stay for a month! Aunt Agatha has been trying for absolute eons to get into the Quitchley Hunt, and has promised the master of the Hunt to have his daughter introduced to Society. So the old harpy has loaded her on to us, Jeeves. Eighteen years old! Arriving on the 11 o'clock at Paddington tomorrow – and

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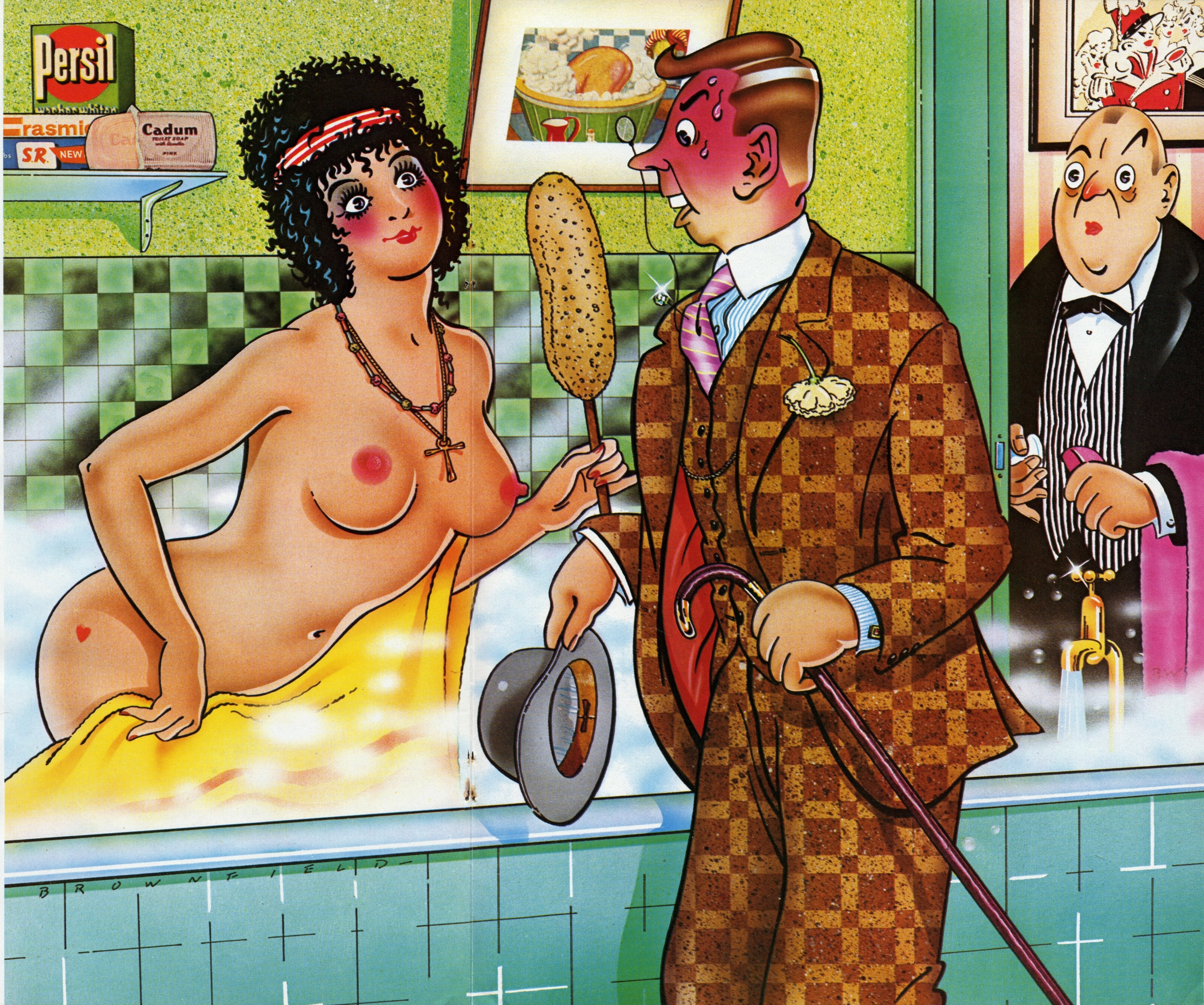
ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BROWNFIELD



Wizard bang, Bertie

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this is the bally end – *with mother!* Mrs Chuck-Thrimbley wants to check that the beastly little tyke is being delivered into safe hands.'

'The challenge does seem perplexing, sir.'

'Hang it all, Jeeves,' I opined plaintively, 'I don't mind hobnobbin' with females every now and then, provided they're good sports. Bracing day at the races, all that sort of thing. The kind of gel that can help carry Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright to his taxi. But dash it all, who do I know-'

'*Whom* do I know, sir.'

'Er, yes, well I mean I don't know anybody that this beastly Master of Hounds would describe as *Society*. My allowance hangs by a slender thread, Jeeves! What shall I do?'

'I shall give the matter my most urgent attention, sir.'

At 11.27 the next day, the dreaded chimes sounded. Jeeves glided to the portal while I braced myself to meet Samantha Chuck-Thrimbley and parent, a couple of Scotches having done little to subdue a general queasy feeling in the Wooster vitals. I heard voices in the hall, and the door opened. I gulped.

Deuce me if the filly who cantered through the door wasn't one of the biggest surprises Bertie has ever seen. Most specimens of the female species which it has been my misfortune to, er . . . well, you get the bally idea – have been shaped either like drainpipes or second row forwards: the first lot tend to recite poetry and burst into tears, while the second lot go in more for ten mile walks and botany. This one was different. She was shaped neither like a drainpipe nor a second row forward, but like a mixture of both, only in different places, if you get the drift.

She was wearing faded blue trousers, and a sort of vest with a red kerchief round her neck – rather on the lines of the frightfully jolly chappies you see digging up streets and suchlike. Except that even Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright could have told you that this was a different cup of tea.

Up top she had a pair of sort of rugger balls, only more like balloons, if you follow me. There was a little button attachment on the end. Then her waist shot in rather alarmingly, with a couple of inches of brown skin peeking through her two garments: and then she shot equally alarmingly out again, so that her backside looked like two rather large melons.

All in all, she looked like the sort of girl that Beastly Bouncenough used to get six of the best for looking at pictures of, when he was supposed to be doing his Latin.

'I say, hello!' I offered bravely. 'Frightfully jolly to see you, Mrs Chuck-Thrimbley, and, er, Samantha.'

'How do you do, Mr. Wooster,' announced a bulky, gimlet-eyed female with tweeds and a bosom to match. It swelled vastly under the armour-plating as she delivered herself of the following oration:

'I have come up to Town, Mr Wooster, to spend a night under your roof prior to entrusting my daughter to your care. Frankly, I have my reservations about the entire plan, and I intend in this short time to assess your suitability for the tutelage of such a tender young flower. I shall now take a taxi to Harrod's, returning promptly at six. I expect you to arrange a visit to a symphony concert or other cultural pursuit of similar worth, for this evening. And a plain but wholesome supper. Good afternoon, Mr. Wooster.'

After five minutes of gaping silence, I rallied round.

'Well, er, Samantha,' I chirped, 'do have some tea.'

'No, I'm off it, thanks,' she answered with a pearly smile. 'You just go ahead and turn on, Bert.'

'Er, you can call me Bertie, don't you know', I rejoindered, affable as ever. 'This is my man Jeeves, by the way. Does everything about the house. Absolute marvel.'

'Everything, eh? Swinging bachelor boys, ha ha ha,' she said with a leer that recalled Gussie Fink-Nottle at one of his blearier moments.

'Get me a scotch, Jeevesy,' she drawled. 'You haven't any acid in this pad, Bert, have you?'

'Drops, you mean? I'm afraid I haven't got much of a sweet tooth, old thing. We do have some bonbons Aunt Agatha brought back from Paris.'

'Forget it, man,' she answered with a strange laugh. Rather a rum bird, I was beginning to think: whereupon she produced a tatty old pouch of tobacco and a packet of cigarette papers, and proceeded to roll one just as we used to do in the bogs at breaktime.

'I say, do have a gasper!' I cried, leaping forward with the gold crested Wooster special blend from Morland's. Jeeves had hovered in with a tray of bottles and glasses.

'Only smoke these, man,' she mumbled through a fearful cloud of pong and stench. 'Just leave the bottle, Jeevesy. Want one, Bert?'

'Er, yes,' I smiled weakly, gratefully accepting a tumbler of Glenleekie Twelve-Year-Old. I sipped, and sighed blissfully as the golden warmth seeped round the innards.

'Paaagh!' exclaimed Samantha. 'Just like the piss my old man drinks. Still, it goes down. I'm a Tequila drinker really. Say, classy joint you got here Bert. Jesus, am I glad to get away from that draggy fucking place up in Cabbageville. Thrimbley Hall, ha ha ha.' She giggled throatily.

'Well now, Samantha, your father, Colonel Chuck-Thrimbley, wants you to, ah, have an introduction into jolly old society and all that. Well I must tell you that–'

'That old fart!' she burst in. 'You don't

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Wizard bang, Bertie

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think I give two craps what he wants, do you? *Society?* I mean, come *on* . . .' She looked at me with immense pity, as at one who had turned up at the Royal Garden Party with his zipper undone.

'Well, um, dash it all, I was just going to say that I'm not sure that the sort of chappies I knock around with, if you get the drift, might be exactly the sort of chappies your pater has in mind as society . . .'

'You mean a bunch of gays, right? I know those faggoty clubland types. Public schoolboys never leave their friends behind, eh? Or behinds, ha ha ha. Old school tie, old school arsehole more like it. Still, you're rather cute Bert, you know. I figure I could even get it on with you, I mean if I was ripped enough.'

'Well, yes, frightfully,' I stammered, 'You mean, er . . .'

'I think the young lady means, sir,' oozed Jeeves, who had sidled in, 'that while your sexual tendencies would appear from your lifestyle to be homo – or at best asexual, nevertheless with the right degree of stupefaction or intoxication on her part, the young lady could bring herself to engage in some form of sexual congress with you.'

'Oh yes, absolutely, don't you know,' I beamed. Never let on that one is totally baffled, that's the Wooster motto.

Anyway, the rest of the afternoon trickled away with such jolly badinage. My bottle of Auld Glenleekie seemed to have emptied itself, but the female blister seemed reasonably happy. Suddenly she looked at the clock.

'Let's get going, Bert,' she announced, 'I wanna go to the King's Road. We can eat down there at a bistro, then there's a freak-out at Cynthia Dagenham-Cowley's.'

'Don't recollect the gel,' I observed.

'She was head girl of that draggy boarding school I went to; now she sings with that heavy all-girl Rock Group, Crotch. You must have heard of them.'

'Rock group? Crotch? Yes of course,' I said, trying to be bright, 'but what about your mater and the Royal Festival Hall this evening? Plain, wholesome supper, and all that sort of thing?'

'Do me a *favour*, Bert,' she replied with a stare of disbelief as though a pterodactyl had just landed on my head.

'Say, Bert, where's the bathroom?'

'Do call me Bertie, old thing,' I winced, and indicated the Woosterian beauty parlour. I don't know the noun of 'flabbergasted' – but that is what struck me when the young pill slipped off her shirt and stood there on the hearthrug in a condition of, er, nudity. She had this pair of rather well-formed *appendages* which were dashed attractive in a funny sort of way, and her honey-coloured skin was quite bewitching, like a newly unwrapped toffee. *Then* she hopped out of the pantaloons and just dropped them on the floor! Well, there are *limits*, and leaving things around for a chap's valet to clear up absolutely takes the biscuit. Absolutely bally not a stitch on! Before I could remonstrate or whatever outraged hosts are supposed to do, she called out, 'Come on Bertie, I want my back scrubbed.' – and strolled off cool as you please, with only a red kerchief round her neck, as naked as one of those little chappies that are always being photographed gurgling about on hearthrugs.

'I say Jeeves!' I cried. 'Chaps can't just go around poppin' into other chaps' bathrooms in a state of altogetherness – even if the chaps are female, don't you see?'

'I believe, sir,' he purred, 'that the practice of mixed ablutions is not uncommon today in some of the best homes. I should follow the young lady's instructions.'

'All right, Jeeves, if you say so,' I answered stoutly, and heaved off towards the fray. I felt like some prefect going to make sure the juniors washed behind their ears.

'Well, well, then, everything all right?' I piped, averting the gaze delicately from the steaming cauldron.

'Do come over here, Bert, and look at me.' I did, and by gum I got a rather funny feeling at the sight of her glistening, soapy body sitting there in all those suds. There was a rather fetching patch of fuzzy hair down in the, er, antipodean regions, and she was covered all over in honey-coloured skin, with not a break in its creamy texture. Her breasts were rather endearingly topped off with big brown nipples, like little cherries on an ice-cream sundae.

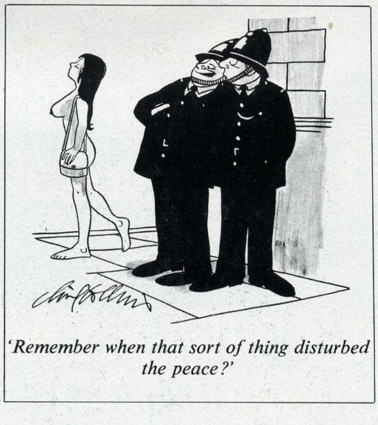
'I say, Samantha, old fruit,' I chirped 'where did you get the protective khaki? It is rather yummy, you know. I mean you don't look at all bad, for a girl.'

She gave out another throaty giggle. 'Well, I got the tan in Saint Trop. You can sunbathe nude there, but it's really *too* draggy. I've *never* seen a decent hard-on on those French poofs. Say Bert, do you like my tits?'

'Er, what?'

'My boobs, these things,' she said impatiently, and waggled the upper storey rather expressively. 'Our gamekeeper says they're the biggest in the village – and *he's* had it off with every girl for miles around. The size of his cock! Wow! Just thinking about it makes me *horny*.'

So saying, she started to rub herself up and down in the area of the fuzzy patch I mentioned earlier. Her naked body began to writhe in a manner reminiscent of Tuffy Toad-Henly when he ate thirty raw eggs for a bet, and was constipated for a week.



'Remember when that sort of thing disturbed the peace?'

'What *are* you doing, old thing?' I inquired anxiously.

'Getting it on, man,' she panted, 'wauughh! ooooh! aaaah!' Her tummy started to quake up and down, as the rubbing got more convulsive. Finally the tremors subsided.

'Don't you ever do it, Bert? Come on, all men do it. You know, masturbation, *wanking*, eh?'

'Can't say I do, really.'

'Good God, Bert, what do you use your cock for? It's that thing in front of your trousers,' she added helpfully.

'Well, er, I'm jolly good at peeing on policemen's helmets from the second floor of the Drones Club, you know.'

'But what do you do for *pussy*?'

'Jeeves has an absolute aversion to the beasts, won't have one in the house.'

She stood up in the bath, and put one foot on the towel rail, like a sort of yoga fanatic. Between her brown thighs I observed a rather enticing, er, opening, with its lips surrounded by a forest of moist and glistening curls.

'*That's* a pussy, Bert. Didn't you ever see one before?'

'Can't say I have, you know; but I do see the resemblance, all this furry business. Quite charming.'

'But Bertie,' she whispered, running her index finger slowly up and down, doesn't it give you a hard-on? Don't you want to get up me?' I gazed entranced at the way it opened and closed as her finger passed up and down it, deep inside. It made a little plopping noise. I felt a strange sensation in the back of my knees. My head seemed to be going round and round. I did the only honourable thing for a Wooster. I bolted.

'Jeeves!' I howled in anguish. 'What are we going to do with this female? Another month of this! Why, I couldn't even introduce her to Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright, let alone to Society! I mean, would you believe Jeeves, the gel wanted me to . . . to . . . get *up her?* Whatever that is. Now, are we going to have this sort of trouble for a month?'

'I believe I know the answer, sir. I shall go and remonstrate with the young lady, sir,' said Jeeves, and footed off to the bathroom with a disciplinarian gleam in his eye. For the next half hour there was blissful silence. Once or twice I thought I heard an odd grunting noise, but it must have been my imagination. The discipline seemed to have the desired effect of pacifying the filly. I don't know how the blighter Jeeves does it.

* * *

We drew up in the Jaguar before a crumbly-looking house in a frightfully jolly place (so I was assured) called Notting Hill. Hectic dashes round various female-type clothing stores and bistros patronised exclusively by the more colourful brand of tinker, as far as I could see, had left me feeling a trifle pooped. I was just in the mood for a quiet drink and chat with a few of Samantha's amiable chums.

The door was opened by a lady, or at any rate a person, with purple hair – mauve,

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MARGIT

'She's quite simply the most beautiful girl I've ever seen.' 'Astonishing, really astonishing. She's got this incredible child-like sensuality that I find totally beguiling. She reminds me of a young Brigitte Bardot.' These were just a few of the reactions from highly-impressed onlookers when 22-year-old Margit Schwartzer won Austria's prestigious Miss Tyrol beauty competition. The reactions become even more impressive when you discover that they came not from casual onlookers easily given to superlatives, but from extremely hard-bitten film producers from both sides of the Atlantic whose life's work is bringing beautiful girls to the screen. Meanwhile, Margit views the praise lavished on her with tranquillity. 'I'm

obviously flattered, and grateful,' she explains in halting English, 'and I would very much like to be a big movie star. I have made a couple of films and a few television commercials here in Austria, but nothing abroad so far. I guess I'll just have to sit back and wait to see what happens. I had good hopes of success when I was in the Miss Austria contest in 1974, but I came second. I know that many people wanted me to win, but the girl who did come first was very pretty. I think maybe she deserved to win just a little bit better than me.' Personally, we find it hard to believe that Margit came only second, but please, no letters from outraged readers demanding a recount. The result stands, but don't shed too many tears for Margit, because as her prize for coming second, she won a bedroom suite (such a *practical* prize, don't you think?), which, she maintains with a mischievous grin, is *much* more use than a crown, an orb and a sceptre. So the bed and matching accoutrements now adorn her flat in Vienna; a flat which

Margit shares with a dog, a guinea pig and a budgie. 'My pets are good company. I only wish my flat was big enough for me to have more. I love animals and especially the cuddly, furry sort.' At night though, Margit invariably forsakes her brood and heads her 1 metre 68 centimetre, 94–60–94 (or for those of you who haven't gone metric yet – 5 feet 6 inches and 37–24–37), for the outskirts of her native Vienna where she's partial in the extreme to spending the evenings in *Heurige* – the equivalent to wine bars in this country – where the house speciality generally tends to be fresh, young wine. (If you haven't tried Austrian wine, take it from us that you're missing out.) Then, when the wine has sharpened the appetite, a visit to a Chinese restaurant for Peking Duck, crispy and succulent, served with all the trimmings and pots of fragrant green tea. 'You have, I think,' smiles Margit, 'a saying in England about early to bed and early to rise. I'm afraid that with me it's the opposite. Late to bed and late up.' A laugh. 'But I manage OK!'

Wizard bang, Bertie

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really – and a funny-smelling cigarette. One half of her face was painted gold, the other silver. Samantha kissed her on the mouth. Awfully chummy, what?

'Sam. Far out,' intoned our hostess in a voice several degrees below zombie level.

'Cyn, this is Bert Wooster, the guy I'm crashing with.'

'Wow. Far out,' repeated the zombie with strenuous indifference. 'You making it?'

'He's gay, I think.' Gaiety being the spice of life to us Woosters. I raised the hat and bade the apparition a cheery 'How d'ye do?'

'No shit', it emitted and promptly disappeared. We followed her into a fog of perfumy green smoke from which emerged an ear-splitting racket, rather like the sort of thing those Eastern chappies produce when about three million of 'em get together to celebrate the Buddha's birthday.

Samantha lost herself in the scrum, and left me in the midst of all this, absolutely parched and drinkless, like some wildebeeste in the wastes of the Kalahari desert.

'I say,' quoth I to a chappie on the left, who seemed to be quite conservatively dressed in a gypsy shawl and velvet patchwork boots, 'how does one procure a spot of bally refreshment?'

He stared at me without interrupting his rhythmic swaying.

'Ooogle oogle oooo,' he replied, or words to that effect.

Suddenly, Samantha rematerialised, fortunately handing me something drink-shaped.

'Bert, this is Scudge Cramper, Cynthia's old man – ' she indicated a tall thin mass of yeti-like hair, from which protruded a cigarette and a pair of sunglasses. 'He's on drums with the Electric Pricks.'

This sounded like some fearful mediaeval torture, but Scudge bore an air of definite contentment with his lot. He inclined his head a fraction of a millimetre in my direction, in the manner of some biblical cove acknowledging the existence of one of his great-great-great-grandchildren.

'Isn't he cool?' enthused Samantha, dragging him off to dance. Happily I managed to find a supply of drinks and got stuck into the bally refreshment no end. The jumbo-jet noise was even beginning to sound faintly rhythmic, when the female pill who had answered the door pinioned my arm in a Gestapo grip and announced, 'Gotta dance Bert.'

'Er, right ho,' I agreed, and plunged with her into the throng. After about ten minutes of jolly whirling about, I noticed that four of the buttons of her leather jacket were undone, instead of only the two she had started with. Cynthia was gyrating slowly and emitting extraordinary noises, while undoing the other buttons one by one. I suppose it was rather warm.

'Like a breath of fresh air, old thing?' I inquired a trifle woozily. She undid the last button. Underneath the jacket she was naked, and her breasts spilled out, colliding with my chest on the way. I noticed vaguely that one of them was gold and one silver, corresponding to the face camouflage. Dashed logical, what?

'Come on, Bert, let's make it right here,' she whispered. By now the zipper of her black leather trousers was undone and the unwanted garment peeling off her hips to reveal a luxuriant mass of curls into which the Wooster hand was thrust! What would people think? I looked round in anguish. Everyone else was doing the same sort of thing. Beside me, Samantha was locked in the probing grasp of Scudge Cramper. His hand was rhythmically squeezing her naked breast in time to the music. To my horror I felt Cynthia's fingers churning about in my monogrammed silk underpants! What could a chap do? I was bally well paralysed by terror of this female. I couldn't work out what she was doing down there, but it felt dashed embarrassing all the same.

Then I noticed that Samantha was staring frostily at us, despite the attentions of Scudge, who had worked out a system of squeezing both her breasts at once with the same hand. Suddenly she wrenched herself away, and with breasts bouncing, darted at Cynthia, who was still absorbed with my silk unmentionables.

'You fucking whore!' shrieked Samantha. In a second the two females were rolling around the floor in a less than fond embrace, with much squealing and spitting. Samantha was naked to the waist, and her bare back soon showed some rather nasty scratches.

'I want Bert, you bitch!' opined Samantha.

'Finders keepers, you little slut!' replied Cynthia, and the debate continued on these sort of lines until Samantha rather cleverly pinioned Cynthia by her flapping leather jacket, and shoved her face into the carpet. At the same time she wrenched down the girl's britches to reveal a squirming gold and silver bottom.

'Legmmme you fugnnnn hawwww,' screamed Cynthia in muffled tones. There was a devilish glint in Samantha's eye as she sat on the foe. Everyone watched with varying degrees of enthusiasm. Her hand lifted high in the air and descended with a tremendous crack! on Cynthia's naked bottom. The squeal which emerged from the carpet was ear-splitting.

'You were always a rotten, selfish cow!' exclaimed Samantha. Whack!

'*That's* for bribing Priscilla Potherington to score an own goal in the house hockey final!' Whack!

'That's for confiscating my roller skates!' Whack!

'That's for being horrid and mean to me!'

'OOOOOH!' replied Cynthia.

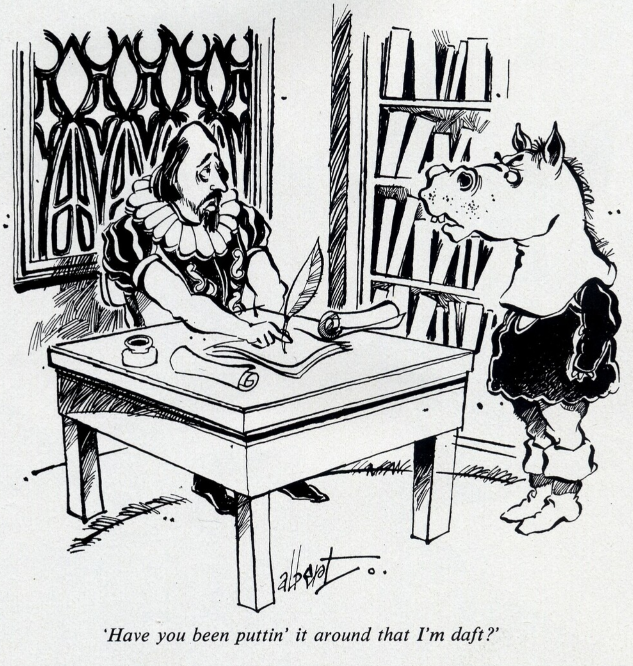
Cynthia's bare, squirming buttocks had turned a noticeably fiery colour under the gold and silver. Scudge Cramper, along with most of the other spectators, was enjoying the spectacle considerably. I felt a bit of a dashed fool with my shirttails hanging out. Finally Samantha paused from her labours, her breasts heaving as she painted for breath. With a tormented moan Cynthia made a desperate lunge for freedom, and reached out for the nearest support, which happened unfortunately to be Scudge's beard.

To my astonishment, three quarters of the growth were ripped away with an agonising noise. The girls gazed open-mouthed, forgetting their little argument. Wooster was quick as a flash.

'Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright!' I cried. 'What on earth are you doing in that rigout?'

'Bertie!' responded the unfortunate C P-P,

turn to page 96



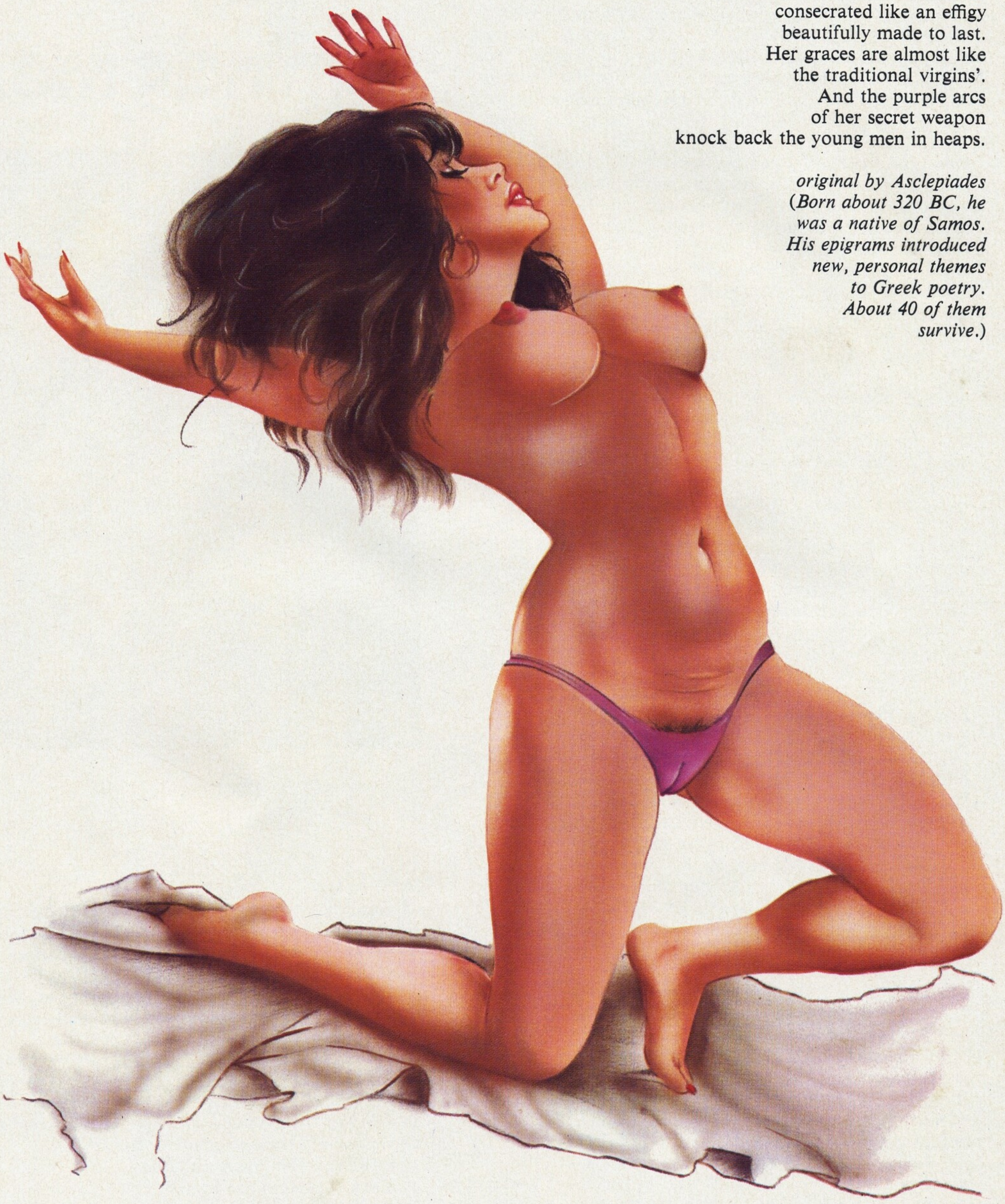
'Have you been puttin' it around that I'm daft?'

ETERNAL ORACLES

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb: No. 16

Lovers themselves watch over her
as she emerges from the golden dreams of Aphrodite.
From head to foot she is a flower
consecrated like an effigy
beautifully made to last.
Her graces are almost like
the traditional virgins'.
And the purple arcs
of her secret weapon
knock back the young men in heaps.

original by Asclepiades
(Born about 320 BC, he
was a native of Samos.
His epigrams introduced
new, personal themes
to Greek poetry.
About 40 of them
survive.)



Wizard bang, Bertie

continued from page 83

in an agony of embarrassment. 'I can explain everything.'

'Is it true you're drummer for the, er Electric Pricks?'

'Well, er, not exactly. I mean, there aren't any Electric Pricks. I made them up, you see. Don't give me away to the chaps at the club, will you, Bertie?'

'But why, Catsmeat – you of all people?'

'It's the only way to get laid, Bertie. Can you imagine chaps like us cutting any ice with the girls nowadays? I mean, Eton, Oxford, the Guards – who wants to know? God, Bertie, how boring it was doing nothing but chuck bread round the club, and debagging chaps, and throwing champers bottles in the swimming pool! Now I've got all the chicks I want! It's the permissive society, Bertie! Absolutely marvellous!' Cynthia stood glowering.

'You mean you're *not* with the Electric Pricks? You fucking *phony*. That's the last chick *you* bring back to my pad. Now get these fucking people out of here, and then starting cleaning up the mess in here, and then do the dishes, and how many times do I have to tell you not to put bloody Durex in the insinkerator?'

It was time to take the bull by the horns. I tiptoed out.

☆ ☆ ☆

As we drew up by the front door at twelve-thirty, I felt a chill of terror. Even now, the female pill calling itself Samantha's mother was probably penning a vitriolic list of charges to my Aunt: abduction of innocent girl, unspeakable corruption of Wooster life-style, no cocoa at bedtime, that sort of thing.

Clutching the brow, I motioned Samantha to enter quietly. The door closed with a soft click behind us.

'Bert!' whispered Samantha. 'Come here!' She pointed to the salon door which was slightly open. There was a flickering light inside. Not like Jeeves to leave the light on, I thought.

'Sssh,' said Samantha, wide-eyed. I gaped.

'Far *out*,' breathed Sam.

'Whatever is going on?' I asked in bewilderment. I perceived a large, white hairy, male backside pumping rhythmically up and down. This was attached to the unclothed physique of none other than Jeeves, whose large muscles rippled in time with his exertions. The object of these exertions was an equally unclothed Mrs Chuck-Thrimbley, grunting and writhing to the same rhythm on the hearthrug.

It reminded me of one of those Greek statues – Theseus wrestling with a Squid, or something.

'Oooh! Ahhh! Ooooh!' said Mrs Chuck-Thrimbley.

'Urrgh! Urrgh!' replied Jeeves, having the last word as always.

'Come upstairs, Bertie,' whispered Sam, taking my hand.

So many shocks had the Wooster constitution endured that I could no longer raise an 'I say' when she laid me on the bed and proceeded to take off all my clothes. Then she stripped herself, and lay down beside me.

'Now, Bertie,' she whispered, 'you are going to *fuck*.' Then she rubbed her bare breasts softly across my body, and at the same time, er, not to put too fine point on it, grabbed hold of me. Something rather jolly happened.

'My gosh, Bertie.'

'What is it, old thing?'

'Gosh, Bertie, it's like a battering ram. It really is.'

'How kind of you to say so.'

'Are you sure you've never done this before?'

'Well, er, not that I can remember, old bean.'

'Get on top of me, Bertie! Plunge!' I felt her legs, lock around my waist and push me in and out of a delicious warm, wet place in a frightfully gymnastic way.

'Shove, Bertie!'

'I'm shoving as hard as I can, dash it all!'

'Prang!'

'What?'

'Bang me!'

'Right-ho!'

'Ooooh!'

'Awfully jolly!'

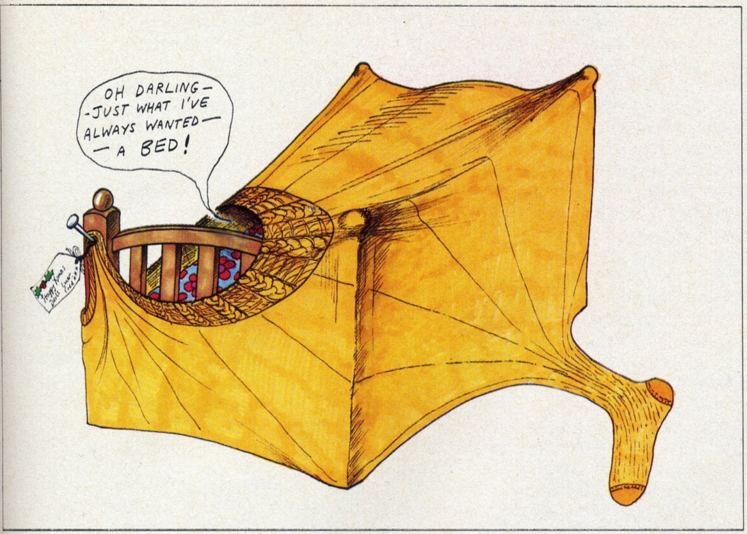
I was beginning to see what Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright had been going on about.

☆ ☆ ☆

'Well, Mr Wooster,' said Mrs Chuck-Thrimbley as she tucked into her fifth slice

JOHN PLAYER
Carlton
PREMIUM
Filter Virginia
JOHN PLAYER
Carlton
LONG SIZE
Filter Virginia
JOHN PLAYER
Carlton
KING SIZE
Filter Virginia
5
5
7
PREMIUM 31p*
LONG SIZE 38½p*
KING SIZE 48p*
PCA75 KK

LOW TO
EVERY PACKET CARRIES A


OH DARLING— -JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED— —A BED!

of toast and marmalade,' I must admit that before my arrival I had some misgivings about entrusting my innocent young gel' – Samantha smiled sweetly – 'to your care. I felt that your mode of life might not entirely correspond to the sheltered upbringing she has received. However I have been most impressed, Mr Wooster, by the admirable standards of taste and sobriety which you uphold even in this permissive age. I shall say as much to your Aunt.'

'Will you? I say, thanks awfully.'

'And am delighted to leave my daughter with you.'

'Er, absolutely!' I chirped. Samantha smiled angelically.

* * *

'I say, Jeeves, do you ever get the feeling that everything's all right with the world?' I asked.

'Occasionally, sir.'

'That the swelling thingummy blooms in the flowering what not, or whatever Shakespeare said?'

'Precisely, sir.'

Feet up by the fire, I savoured Jeeve's hot toddy. Mrs. Chuck-Thrimbley would just be arriving back to her rustic haven.

'I say, Jeeves, I was rather surprised when the old pill came out with all that rot about my, er, high moral fibre. I mean, how did you get the old thing to think I was a – a good egg and all that?'

'I fancy, sir, that Mrs Chuck-Thrimbley was satisfied with her visit to the Capital. I merely followed your instructions to entertain her, sir.'

'What sort of thing?'

'She expressed a desire to see some of the more spectacular sights of the city, sir.'

'Nelson's column, that sort of thing?'

'You might say that, sir. In fact, she demanded to repeat the visit a number of times.'

'And was it spectacular enough for her?'

'Oh, yes, sir. She opined that it was the biggest she had ever seen.'

'Good heavens, Jeeves, I seem to have dropped a tenner on your tray.'

'So I observe, sir.'

'Good Lord, there goes another. What a clumsy fellow I am.'

'Thank you very much, sir.'

'Bertie! Come here!' the call wafted in.

'I fancy that Miss Samantha is taking a bath, and wishes you to scrub her back.'

'Right-*ho*, Jeeves,' I said, bounding towards the bathroom.

Carlton: your choice for every occasion.
JOHN PLAYER
Carlton
KING SIZE
50 Filter
KING SIZE DRUM 125p*
WITH PLAYER'S VOUCHERS
* RECOMMENDED PRICES CORRECT AT 20th AUGUST 1975

MIDDLE TAR

As defined in H.M. Government Tables
published in May 1975.

GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

She Devil of the Moors

continued from page 18

rose like a bucking bronco beneath me, and flashed up from the bed.

I tried to save myself from falling.

She was on her feet. Down came the curtains of her dress. 'Get out! get out, you filthy brute! Get out, you swine . . !'

The words lashed me as I scrambled to my feet.

High against the lamp she reared, her form satanic, her body steel. 'Out! Out! Out!'

Shadow hollowed out her eyes. Her mouth was ugly as a weal. And over all she raised the terrible claws.

I gasped like a steam engine. Nothing to say. Just bursts of breath.

'Out! Out! Out!'

And out I went. Down the stairs. Out. Out, into the air. Yes, out!

Me, who was all big for the great take . . . Minutes? Hours?

I found myself back in the car. Shattered. Shaking.

Should I have forced her . . . raped her? Don't make me laugh.

Damn her, the dirty rotten torturer.

Then something made me turn. Good God . . . another car.

Quietly it drew up at the back, put out its lights. And in the dark, out got the figure of a man. The jaunty walk of a lover through the dark.

O, God . . . the little bitch. So that was it. She was saving herself up for him.

And me . . . my dick was still thumping for it.

Then along comes the lucky man. O, yes, for light soon began to glow in the bedroom, then lower. Just as it had for me.

O, God . . .

Think, man . . . starting-handle . . . jack . . . rock, crash through the bedroom window. That would be a downer to any sex act.

But before I had time to pick anything up . . . look . . .

A couple of scatting cats, then coming through the door. A bundle, no, a man. A man come reeling through the door.

And as he picked himself up and came towards me, I saw . . . in the darkness, it was the man. The same man.

Haggard face, bobbling up. Was that a man who had had anything?

I laughed to myself, laughed, as with screaming tyres, he tore off, as if the devil was at his back . . . And ten minutes later, yes, another car Another man.

I felt I could almost sit back, begin to chalk them up.

For as I half-expected . . . the self-same thing.

The man was staggering back in minutes, though only cobwebbed down his cheeks this time, the distinct trickle of blood.

O, God. The devil on the moor was having a devil's time.

Up in that room, on the level bed, just when she was moaning for it. What got bent each time?

I'm a man for answers. Like to know.

And more than that, I was pumping for it. Never had my throw. If only you could think it out . . .

Slowly the trees outside began to glow. The moon, half-out.

God, was it something to do with that?

I grabbed my torch, no thoughts in my head, but I had to find out. Was it wound up with the moon, her everlasting no?

I knocked at the door. Locked this time. She must have known she'd drained the world of men.

Back the bolts screeched. 'Well?' The word was wild, yet there was strange hope in the cry.

'Sioned, let me in.'

'O, Duw . . . not you. Out, you swine.'

'Sioned, let me in. Left something in your room . . .'

'Blast that.'

'Just one moment.'

'Well . . . in . . . and out, you bloody swine.'

I rushed up the stairs with my torch.

'What are you looking for?' she screamed, hurtling up the stairs.

'Look . . . that bed . . . the moon . . . you. Sioned, how do they connect?'

She gave a crazed metallic laugh. Then raising her fist, dashed the torch from my hand. It crashed to the floor, extinguishing immediately.

'Wouldn't you like to know? You fool, you fool, you'll never guess the secret of all that . . . they never have. Now, out! Out! Out, you fool!'

Her voice had risen to a scream. Again she swept back her hand. I ducked as down she brought the awful claws. They nearly ripped the coat from off my back.

Then she built up for the next onslaught. Her skin shone silvered and the dreadful nails hung pearled.

She was luminous, like a ghost.

For slowly through the uncurtained bedroom window, loomed the moon. Gentle rays fingered the bedroom.

Just for a moment, even Sioned was stilled.

Her shadow lay pencilled behind her on the bed.

Yes . . .

But not straight across . . . nor lengthwise down the bed . . . but over it obliquely . . . God, was that the secret? That she could only be laid one way?

Not, as you would normally lay a girl, down or across a bed . . . but diagonally across, down the line of the moon? That way alone could she climax . . ?

Or, to put it another way, she'd got to bare her fanny to the moon?

God. That was it.

I'd got it . . . The secret at last.

Her body hung rigid there, the iron arms, the eyes like topaz stones. I grabbed the frozen form and crashed it down on the bed.

For a moment she drew back the awful claws, but I pinned her arms back over her head. The legs arched like steel, the torso bucked.

But with my free hand I had grabbed the skirt. I wrenched it up, right up the body bouncing on the bed.

Legs, thighs, tummy . . . it . . .

Exposed.

Twisting, hiding, suddenly between the legs it caught the light of the moon.

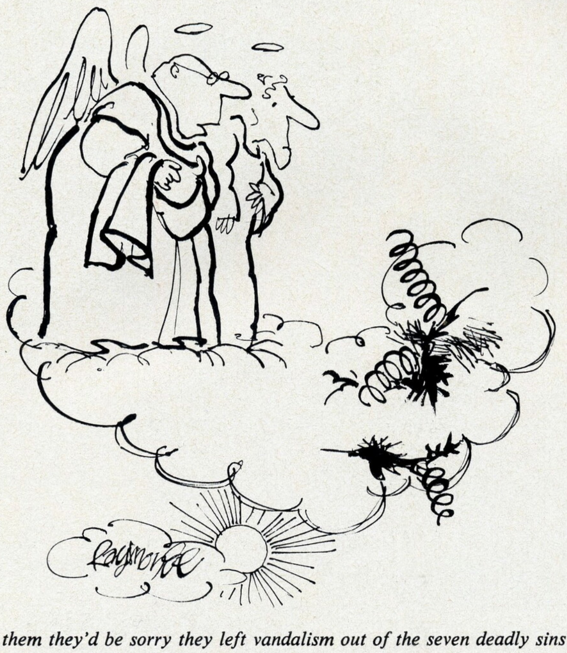
The moon put its finger up.

She stilled. She moaned.

The drum of her tummy lay flat and taut on the bed. Ready for filling.

'Fix me,' she whined, 'Fix me . . !'

In her wild mouth, as I bent down, her tongue came and fled. Her legs embraced mine like serpents. Her nails spurred my neck, as I filled the molten cunny on the bed.



'I told them they'd be sorry they left vandalism out of the seven deadly sins.'

BETSY

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY ED ALEXANDER

Betsy Blake, 21 years old, 5 feet 5 inches tall and a well-rounded 36C–25–36, sits in the venerable timbered surrounds of *The Black Swan* in Stratford-on-Avon toying with a lager and waxing eloquent about the Bard. 'A boyfriend of mine is at Oxford University and he's doing post-graduate research on Elizabethan Dramatists. I've

been helping by typing out his thesis and I got so interested that I became hooked. Especially on Shakespeare. It's easy really, as I live in Stratford, off Chestnut Walk not that far from the Shakespeare Institute, and being a native, I've been used to eating, sleeping and breathing Shakespeare for as long as I can remember. Funny thing is that I hated English at school – I'm sure that if the teacher who taught me should read this, he'd have the surprise of his life that I've blossomed into a scholar.' Betsy smiles, blushing slightly, 'Well, not *just* a scholar because we wouldn't be sitting here in the *Mucky Duck* unless you wanted a story to go with my pictures, would we? Shall I tell you about a sexy scholarly episode in my life? It was in the summer actually, I went with my boyfriend to see Anne Hathaway's cottage. I've been loads of times before of course, but as he's a Londoner, he hadn't. Anyway, we were driving along Shottery Road and he was using every gear change as an excuse to stroke my thigh, randy sod that he is, and I was getting quite turned

on. We got to the Cottage and I don't know if *you* know it at all, but there's this kind of small orchard in the garden. Well, we nipped in there and fooled around, touching each other up and that sort of thing. It was quite exciting, especially with all those American tourists within earshot – we could easily have been discovered. And as if *that* wasn't bad enough, when we were perched up in the gods later that night watching Merry Wives of Windsor, he had another little grope. Sometimes I think he ought to write his thesis on Techniques for Touching-Up and Titillation! We've been having this great intellectual argument as to whether Shakespeare really *did* write everything that's attributed to him. My boyfriend reckons there's a lot more to Marlowe than meets the eye, and I must admit that I have a sneaking regard for Bacon.' Betsy pauses for a moment, lazily stretching on the spring-board over the pool. 'I give you due warning,' she grins, 'that if you try to get a gag or a punchline from that statement, I shall become very annoyed!'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Seven

Do women find male strippers exciting? On the evidence of past Quest surveys the simple answer is no. It needs a steady and sustained erotic stimulation for most girls to respond to the sight of a nude man. This can be the product of a long and intimate relationship or the end result of one particularly exciting evening. One notable exception, however, is when a group of women are able to react sexually as a group. A kind of 'mob' instinct allows them to throw off normal inhibitions. This is seen most spectacularly in the recent phenomenon of 'hen nights', but more private situations can give rise to it. This month's interviews give a fascinating insight into a neglected area of feminine sexuality.

INTRODUCTION

Even with modern permissiveness and Women's Lib, many women find they need the security of an intimate relationship to overcome social and sexual inhibitions and express their full sexuality. But there is an exception: when women in a group discover that collectively they can permit or perform acts they would normally never agree to. The first interviewee this month admitted deriving intense sexual excitement from the 'hen nights' she attended. The others described isolated occasions when their group feelings gave rise to elements of voyeurism and even a kind of male rape.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Housewife, 27 years old, blonde, town of origin Colchester**

This interviewee had left school at 16 to work as a sales assistant before marrying two years later. She now had two children, a boy aged seven and a girl aged five. She and her husband lived on a small estate in a semi-rural setting.

Quest: Does your husband realise what goes on at your hen nights?

Housewife: Yes, of course he does.

Quest: Even about the male strippers?

Housewife: Terry always wants to hear. We have a giggle about it.

Quest: And he has no objection?

Housewife: Why should he? He has his nights out with the boys, they get up to some things. What's good for the gander is good for the geese, isn't it? I bet Terry and his mates have a good gander at the strippers they get down at the pub, too. No, you need to get away from the home and the kids every now and then. You can't watch telly every night, can you? You need a bit of excitement now and again.

Quest: You mean sexual excitement?

Housewife: Not necessarily, it's just nice to have somewhere to go to chat to your friends. Not have to bother about washing up and ironing. Somewhere to have a nice moan! Anyway, it does you good to get your circulation going –

Quest: You're talking about sexy acts?

Housewife: I thought you said something else, it's not a brothel, you know. Not that some of them wouldn't object. No, you get a bit excited it makes you appreciate the old man a bit more, doesn't it. We've had some lovely nights after a good show. Terry's the same after his stag nights. You can see it in his eyes when he comes in. He can't wait to get upstairs sometimes. Just as well the kids have been fast asleep they'd have learned a lot in a very short time. I think that's good. It's when Terry's been out on the tiles and he doesn't want a little bit extra afterwards that I'll begin to worry.

Quest: What would a typical hen night involve?

Housewife: You mean on stage? Usually a comic, a singer – perhaps a ventriloquist or an accordionist, something like that – and a stripper. It depends on how much cash there is in the kitty. You see we all pay for the evening and the hire of the pub but we have subscriptions as well. It's really a club, the idea is put on a show every month.

Quest: And the audience is all female?

Housewife: Oh yes, wouldn't be any point otherwise, would there? The only blokes are the acts and the fellows from the pub, the bar tenders.

Quest: Are the strippers the main attraction?

Housewife: Not the main attraction, it's the whole thing – the night out with your friends that's most important. But everyone talks about them of course.

Quest: I wouldn't have thought women would have found the sight of men taking off their clothes very interesting?

Housewife: Rubbish. Did your wife tell you that? I bet if you were to drop your trousers at a party all the women'd have a peek. I'm making you blush –

Quest: Go on.

Housewife: It depends on the man. I love watching Terry, my husband, get undressed. I can even get hot and bothered seeing him take his shirt off, if I'm in the right mood. But a lot of other men can be standing there stark naked – not that I've seen a lot of naked men! – and I don't feel anything. It just seems boring. It depends on the man, what they do. I mean, a woman just standing there with nothing on wouldn't get you going, would it? All the women strippers take an awful lot of trouble don't they, with special bras and frilly knickers. If you saw it all at once you wouldn't want it, would you? Anyway it's all very light-hearted with the men – the male strippers. I haven't seen many women strip, but I can imagine one coming on and being terribly serious but very sexy at the same time and men would sit there and go goggle-eyed. Women wouldn't be like that, none of the women I know anyway. No one takes it seriously, even the strippers themselves. They're all making fun of themselves.

Quest: But some of the incidents you've mentioned to me seem more than good fun.

Housewife: They're very rare, they really are. I'd be telling a lie if I said some of the acts weren't sexy as well as funny. I mean, your bra might get a bit uncomfortable and you might end up crossing your legs a few times. But that's only if it goes a bit far.

Quest: How does it go too far?

Housewife: The girls usually scream a bit, you know, telling him to be a bit more daring, and sometimes they get carried away.

Quest: The men do strip completely?

Housewife: Not every time, but usually though, yes.

Quest: Have any had obvious erections?

Housewife: I don't know what you mean by obvious. An erection is either standing up or it isn't. That has happened.

Quest: Involuntarily?

Housewife: By accident, you mean?

Quest: Has it happened any other way?

Housewife: A couple of times.

Quest: A stripper has actually masturbated in front of you?

Housewife: You're going to make this sound like an orgy. It hasn't happened at all often. It's not entertainment for a fellow to come on, flash his dong and toss himself off. There's enough old men in dirty mackintoshes doing that as it is, without having to pay for it.

Quest: But your strippers have had erections?

Housewife: If he gets a bit excited, the girls really shout and scream sometimes. It's almost frightening sometimes when you all get carried away. And when he gets his jockstrap off he might perk up a little.

Quest: Tell me about specific incidents.

Housewife: I remember one fellow, it was terribly funny really. He really made a thing out of being ever so masculine, bulging shoulders, flexing his muscles. He got down to his strap and usually everyone is really laughing and catcalling at that point. But for some reason it went completely quiet. And the music built up and he whipped the thing off and his Old Man sort of sprang out. It was quite a big one, actually, and getting stiff. I have never seen anyone go red all over before. It was astonishing. He clapped one hand in front of himself and *ran* off the stage. I have never seen anything so funny. Everyone went berserk. I felt so sorry for him, a whole roomful of cackling women, he's never come back. But it was so funny.

Quest: But others haven't run off?

Housewife: Oh one just stood there, the cheeky devil. He was only tiny. Pauline – my friend – shouted out, 'Well, what can you do with that then?' She makes me feel like Julie Andrews. And the fellow just grinned back at her and said, 'This, love.' And up it came.

Quest: His erection just grew?

Housewife: Grew and grew. He just stood there grinning at us, and he was enormous. Actually that was a bit embarrassing. Some of the girls complained afterwards.

Quest: What else did the stripper do?

Housewife: Clowned about and went off. He didn't do anything disgusting, if that's what you mean.

Quest: But you did mention other things before.

Housewife: There was one night that was bad. I'll be honest about it. I wasn't disgusted, but I did think it was a bit much. But you can never tell, can you? What some women like others wouldn't touch with a bargepole. It got me going, I'll tell you that, and I wasn't the only one.

Quest: Tell me.

Housewife: But you mustn't think it's typical, it makes us sound like a load of scrubbers.

Quest: Go on.

Housewife: The evening was quite strong, from the start. I don't like dirty jokes personally, crudeness for its own sake turns me off completely. But we had a comedian who was so funny; a bit, you know, queer – but making fun of himself. I'm sure it was just an act, half of it anyway. And his jokes were so good, but so rude. I'd love to have remembered them. Only a young fellow. Quite good looking. He had a marvellous blue satiny suit, I just ached to touch it. I suppose he sort of got the ball rolling.

Quest: You mean excited you?

Housewife: He started that sort of atmosphere. I don't mean everyone was ripping their clothes off, he just made us laugh a lot in a sexy kind of way. Then, of course, the singer split his trousers.

Quest: Accidentally?

Housewife: Well, of course! He was a big, beefy fellow, big hairy chest – a bit too much like a gorilla for my taste. He was doing this Tom Jones take off, not intentionally, but it was obvious who he was copying. And halfway through his big number one of the side seams on his tight trousers went. One minute he was flinging his hips about like a mad thing, the next we had six inches of naked thigh. He crumpled up, so embarrassed. And of course he couldn't go on and everyone was laughing fit to bust themselves. Then the comic came back on, just to help the singer who obviously didn't know what to do, and started playing with him.

Quest: Playing?

Housewife: Not touching him! I mean joking. He kept trying to pull at his trousers, the singer's trousers, saying, 'Come on, love, don't be shy. Give the ladies a look.' Things like that, in a pansy sort of way. He was a scream. Then the singer finally stumbled off and we all clapped and the comic blew us a kiss and said, 'Now if you want to see a real man, my loves, have a look at this!' And that was the stripper.

Quest: The stripper came on then?

Housewife: I thought he was lovely, I wish I could remember his name. He had a beautiful body, quite long hair and he was very masculine, but not in a serious way, do you know what I mean? He was making a big joke out of it but you knew he would if he wanted to.

Quest: How was he dressed?

Housewife: Like a Roman centurion. You know, with the armour and a little skirt and a marvellous plumed helmet. He had a little sword too. It was very well done. And he came marching straight out onto the top of the bar, dead serious, stopped and snapped to attention. Then one of the girls at the back shouted, 'What's under your kilt then?' and everyone burst out laughing. But he didn't say a thing, just waited for it all to die down a bit and said, 'It may look like a little skirt to you, madam, but what lies under here has conquered more foreign parts than you've had hot dinners.' He was very good. And then the music started and off he went.

Quest: How would he strip? Simply take his clothes off and the audience watch?

Housewife: Oh no. Well, he'd take his clothes off, of course, but there'd be a lot of banter and joking about. It'd be silly otherwise, or just embarrassing. He did some terrible things with his sword.

Quest: The centurion?

Housewife: He pulled out his sword and it wasn't flat like they usually are, it was more like a fat rod with a bulge at the end. Everyone just shrieked. It was so obvious. He said, 'It was all right before I came in here.'

Quest: How was he dressed then?

Housewife: I think just with his skirt and boots. Yes, I remember because he jumped down off the bar then and started walking through the tables, and he asked us if we wanted to touch his sword. Then he started stroking it.

Quest: You mean masturbating with it?

Housewife: Pretending, I suppose; he kept rolling his eyes.

Quest: And the music was still going?

Housewife: Oh pounding away, everyone was just screaming, anything could have happened. They kept shouting, 'Get your skirt off, get your skirt off!'

Quest: And he did?

Housewife: He was standing about four tables away from me and he shouted back, 'I will if you will.' Not to me, just to the girls at the table next to him. And the nearest just collapsed in giggling. Then – I couldn't see properly – he must have beckoned to someone further away because this girl got up and waltzed over to him. Everyone was cheering. I knew her, she lived just down the road to us. Brazen little piece. And she whipped off her skirt and started dancing round him.

Quest: What was she wearing underneath?

Housewife: A slip, I think. I was quite surprised.

Quest: Why?

Housewife: Well she never wore a bra normally. I can't imagine why. You could see her wobbling a mile off.

Quest: She had large breasts?

Housewife: A bit floppy, really. Anyway he made a great thing of unclipping his little skirt, making everyone wait, and then he snatched it off in one go. And half the audience went mad.

Quest: Half?

Housewife: We expected a jockstrap, but all he had on was a little white apron, tied at the back, which just covered his thing.

Quest: You mean a G-string?

Housewife: No, it wasn't a pouch. It was just resting there, with his bum bare at the back. I only saw when he turned round. And that's when he started to come up.

Quest: He started to get an erection?

Housewife: Ever so slowly it started to bulge out the front of his apron. It was so very exciting. Everyone was just gasping and giggling but no one was looking away. He was just grinning. He said, 'Won't need my sword now, will I?' Then it was right out in front of him. Even old big boobs stopped jiggling about and sat down to look. And it jerked till it was nearly standing right up, and it looked enormous under the apron. Then he asked a girl sitting next to him if she wanted a peek.

Quest: And did she?

Housewife: She reached out her hand, but she went scarlet and giggled and couldn't. So he backed over to the table behind him and wiggled his bum, and said, 'Someone undo my string, the lady's too shy.' And someone did, and the apron just flicked off. And he was – Christ, I'll never forget it. It was near his waist and so fat. And he walked back to the other girl and it was just flopping backwards and forwards in front of him and he stopped with it practically in her face. She was more than scarlet, half hysterical. We all were. She just couldn't look away, and he wouldn't let her. He said, 'Do you want to feel my new sword?' I thought she'd faint, she couldn't move. Then he said, 'It's a bit sore, do you want to kiss it better – ' All she could do was shake her head and flop on the table. Then I saw Pauline, God knows what made me look away then.

Quest: Where was Pauline?

Housewife: Sitting next to me. We were at the back, more's the pity, on a sort of bench seat. I think she brushed against me, and I looked down, and she had her hand pushed right up under her skirt, squeezing herself. She was as taut as a wire. I just stared at her and she said, 'I'm going over the top if he goes on any longer.' I have never seen any woman do that before.

Quest: You mean masturbate in public?

Housewife: Well only I could see, but I mean giving yourself a rub and not caring who saw.

Quest: What was the stripper doing?

Housewife: He was just walking up and down the middle aisle of tables, asking if anyone wanted a feel. Everyone was still shrieking. It was like bedlam. Then some woman made a grab for him and everyone screamed and he jumped back. God, it was like a truncheon in front of him.

Quest: You were excited by now?

Housewife: Excited? I thought I'd wet myself. I was beginning to think I'd have to jump on him myself. Then someone did kiss him.

Quest: You saw someone kiss his penis?

Housewife: Oh yes, just lightly. She didn't have to go near him. And then old big boobs went wild. There was a bit of a commotion suddenly and there she was standing up in just her slip and she made a grab for him.

Quest: Him or his erection?

Housewife: She just grabbed the top of it – you ought to have seen his face – and pulled him back with it. It was just totally incredible, the whole room was frantic. I've never seen it like that before. I jumped to my feet to see what was happening. And she pulled him onto her, sprawling on her back on one of the tables – glasses falling all over the place – and I could see, she actually yanked down the front of her knickers, and obviously wanted him to have her. Then they rolled onto the floor.

Quest: What happened then?

Housewife: That was it, end of the show. The landlord came in to see what all the row was. It all broke up very quickly.

Quest: And you told Terry about it?

Housewife: Not in detail. To be honest I didn't give him much chance. He picked me up and gave me a bit of a queer look because I must have looked as if I had the hots. I've never seen him so surprised, but happy. We did it at home on the rug. I came almost as soon as he touched me, in my pants I mean, which was lovely because he was so beautiful and hard for the second time. I had three climaxes in a row. It was like a second honeymoon.

Quest: And you still go to these hen nights?

Housewife: Terry'd kill me if I didn't.

Quest: Thank you.

Two Hotel receptionist, 22 years old, dark-haired, town of origin Grantham

After an interrupted education this interviewee had become a clerk in a large insurance firm, but found the work uninteresting and took a job in a hotel in Spain. Returning to England she became a receptionist, in a number of hotels chiefly in the Midlands. At the time of the interview she was between jobs.

Quest: You say you wouldn't have let Richard make love to you if you hadn't been with the other girls?

Receptionist: I know it sounds cockeyed, but it's absolutely true.

Quest: You didn't find him attractive?

Receptionist: There was no way I would find Richard attractive. Look, some people you fancy like mad, some you might if they push you a bit, but some you just have no interest in. Richard didn't interest me at all.

Quest: But the other girls at the hotel liked him?

Receptionist: Oh he was Steve McQueen and Robert Redford combined. Couldn't put a foot wrong. All the girls were quite young, of course, though that didn't stop them boggling my mind occasionally. He did have a nice body, but he made it so obvious.

Quest: In what way?

Receptionist: Wearing his shirt unbuttoned to his navel, tight jeans – oh and sunbathing in his skimpy trunks behind the hotel. I laughed when I first saw those – he gave me such a filthy look. They were a sort of glorified jockstrap. I told him that.

Quest: Did he ever make a pass at you?

Receptionist: He asked me out when I first joined the hotel, but I was engaged then, semi-officially and my boyfriend used to come and stay at the weekends. But I wouldn't have gone with him anyway.

Quest: Were you living in?

Receptionist: We all were, except for some of the senior staff. It was holiday season, you see; there were quite a few extra staff. They even wanted me to share at one point but I soon put a stop to that idea. It was bad enough trying to be intimate with half the hotel parading up and down outside my room. Looking back it was quite funny, the number of times Stephen ended up in my wardrobe stark naked if something happened late in the evening and I had to go. He put up with a lot actually.

Quest: But the relationship didn't last?

Receptionist: Oh he got very jealous about my job; he thought I was being too friendly to the guests. It was pathetic, I couldn't go around scowling at people; I like to be friendly anyway. And just to spite him, I suppose, I had a drink with a fellow who used to come in quite often. He was always asking me, and Stephen turned up at the hotel early one Friday evening and started acting crazily.

Quest: He saw you with the other man?

Receptionist: We were just talking. It was so stupid. He really made me angry. There was a big scene in the bar – which didn't make me very popular for a while, actually I was lucky not to get the sack – and he stomped off. He rang a couple of times, but it was so obvious he still thought I was screwing every other guest. I just got fed up with it.

Quest: How soon after this did your party with the girls take place?

Receptionist: A week or so, it might have been longer, because it was towards the end of the season. Things were quietening down, which was why we could all get together. The deputy manager was retiring, so we closed down the bar early and took it over. There were hardly any guests then. It was all a bit sloppy and drunken, those things always are. I try and avoid them normally, because all the fellows usually start thinking they're dazzlingly attractive and start breathing beer fumes all over you.

Quest: Did Richard do that?

Receptionist: Richard was behind the bar. That's his main job. He was chatting up one of the chambermaids, a girl called Pat. She was only about 16. I was stuck with the manager who was telling me this incredibly obscene joke; he was so drunk I thought he'd fall over. I know I had more shorts than I should have done. Then he was called away for some reason and the party spilled all over the hotel. It was quite fun then. About five or six of us ended up in one of the chambermaid's rooms with a bottle of gin. We had to pay for that later which I thought was a bit mean.

Quest: All girls?

Receptionist: Three chambermaids, they were the youngest, a girl who helped at the bar at weekends and Liz, who was a kind of manageress. I was trying to remember the joke the manager had said and I couldn't get it out. Not for any moral reason, I was just falling about. And then Liz, of course, knew it.

Quest: Why 'of course'?

Receptionist: Oh Liz was lovely. She was about thirty, divorced, Very gypsy looking, long dark hair, flashing eyes. She could be terribly funny. She told me the most awful things.

Quest: Like what?

Receptionist: Well, this grew out of the joke, which I forget, but it was about a man doing it to himself, masturbating. Liz used to be a hairdresser in a gents' shop and the manager made her wear these great earrings and a loose sort of very low-necked blouse because she had a marvellous bust. And she'd been cutting the hair of this terribly attractive man and leading him on a bit, you know, sort of leaning close to him, squeezing her bosom in his face. I can imagine it perfectly. And all of a sudden she noticed the sheet he had over him, right down to his waist, was sticking up. At first, she thought it was his hand, then she realised what it was.

Quest: He had an erection?

Receptionist: So she said, because she bent down and just brushed it. She said it was like a tree root. The fellow was scarlet. That was when Richard came in with Pat.

Quest: And the story ended there?

Receptionist: No, we were on the edge of our seats; everyone was practically panting. Then she said the fellow said, 'Please – ' and Liz had looked round, seen no one was looking and did him.

Quest: You mean masturbated him?

Receptionist: Yes, she said she poked her hand under the sheet and found him sticking out of his flies. She'd used some tissues they had for wiping the hairs off your neck afterwards.

Quest: You believed her?

Receptionist: I could believe anything of Liz. It was Richard who was bowled over, though. His eyes were standing out of his head, because she completely ignored him. Then he said, 'Give me a haircut too, will you, love?' And Liz just grinned and said, 'I don't think you've got enough to trim, Rick.' The girls were giggling like crazy, and Richard came back, 'Just have to show you, won't I.' And that's how the whole stupid game started.

Quest: You mean strip poker?

Receptionist: Nothing so sophisticated. One of the chambermaids – the girl whose room it was – produced some cards. It was a kind of snap with colours or suits, I don't remember properly. All I know was that Liz cheated terribly and Richard kept losing. It really was a kind of duel. She never told me, but I'm sure they'd been to bed together; she conned him so awfully, I don't think even Richard would have let it happen if he hadn't drunk so much.

Quest: He lost all his clothes?

Receptionist: He got down to his pants very quickly. The atmosphere was so charged, it only needed someone to say stop and it would but Liz was excited –

Quest: What about Richard?

Receptionist: There were definite signs of life, but I think when he did get down to just his pants he began to realise what was happening because he started to insist Liz take something off. But she only grinned and said he had to finish first and he started to look genuinely uncomfortable and began to get up.

Quest: He was sitting next to Liz?

Receptionist: On a bed in the corner. With the other girls on either side. He reached for his trousers and then it all happened. It was incredible. I think it was Pat screamed and jumped at him and Liz was shouting, 'Hold him, let's see!' Suddenly everyone was tumbling about on the bed and squealing and shouting and the next thing I saw was Pat and one of the other girls pinning Richard down on the bed on his back with his legs sprawled out over the carpet. Then Liz bent over and drew down the front of his Y-fronts and plucked him out.

Quest: His erection?

Receptionist: It was so incredible. It happened so quickly, I thought they'd all planned it and not told me. And he was huge, I mean bulging and so thick, and Liz was just weighing his balls in her hand. She looked at me and grinned and said, 'Do you want to try him for size, love?' I couldn't believe it. I was absolutely scarlet.

Quest: You didn't help?

Receptionist: I was amazed. I mean the girls just didn't care. They could have ripped their knickers off and had him one by one the next minute for all I knew. They were screaming, and Richard was jerking about but he couldn't move. I didn't know what to do. Then Liz moved her hand up and took hold round the shaft and yanked the foreskin up and Richard bellowed and I just panicked. I gasped something stupid like, 'Oh my God!' and ran out the door.

Quest: Were you excited by what happened?

Receptionist: I didn't believe it. I don't know what I felt. I remember running to my room, which was just across the corridor, and opening the door and suddenly there was screaming and shouting again and Richard was right behind me, gasping and pushing me into my room and slamming the door.

Quest: Was he still erect?

Receptionist: Well, yes. I couldn't avoid it. It was sticking into my waist. I tried to move my hand away and his thigh was there, I could feel the muscle move under his skin and he was so warm and smelled so nice, I felt that awful sinking, twisting feeling in my tummy when you know you want it, you just can't help it. I must have gasped or shivered, my heart was jumping like a scared rabbit, and then I realised he was pulling at the buttons on my blouse and I started to pull away but he caught round my waist and I said, 'Look Richard, please don't – ' But his hand was pushing inside my blouse and pressing down my breast and I could feel the nipple squeezing up under my bra and aching and I could only whisper. And I tried not to touch him and move my hands away from his body but they just brushed the end of his thing and just as that happened he pushed his fingers under my bra and pulled it up over my breasts and he was touching and squeezing my nipple and I couldn't breathe and just clutched him. But he pushed my hands away and bent down and let me lean back onto his arm so my breasts stood up and his lips brushed across the tips, just licking and then nipping and then sucking and I just squealed. I couldn't think any more. I was burning, I wanted him to lick me and suck me all over which is what Stephen used to do, right from my neck down to my pubes, covering my body with kisses. That was so loving and exciting and gorgeous. I tried to push his head down onto my tummy; my fingers were running through his hair. And he seemed to understand and began plucking at the catch on my skirt which was double and a bit awkward and I helped him, and then it fell away but instead of kissing me he pushed his hand straight down the front of my pants and sort of scooped my mound and his thumb ran up and down my crack right over my soft spot and I almost howled, it was so sudden and crude and beautiful. I wanted to hug him and bite him and swallow him, and I suddenly realised his fingers were in me and he was twisting them like a corkscrew. And very slowly, very gently he was opening my legs as wide as they would go and kneeling between them and lifting my thighs with his hand under my bottom. My hips started to jerk into the air on their own, I couldn't stop the feelings and then I felt him touch my lips. He was so fantastic, so marvellous. And then he grabbed my waist with both hands and pulled me right onto him so fiercely I thought I was standing on my head and I had all of him, so deep I was sure it would hurt me, and I came. It was really like an explosion, a great big electric shock, and I felt him jerk and he groaned and jumped inside me and I felt all his warmth gushing through me and I came again, it was like a sort of wave breaking and then rolling and I was just shivering and shaking and I started crying. Not even Stephen made me do that.

Quest: But the relationship didn't go on?

Receptionist: There wasn't any relationship. I mean, he stayed and held me for a while but he wouldn't get into bed with me. It was just an animal kind of thing. Marvellous, but there wasn't anything else. Even that wouldn't have happened without the thing with the girls. A week after that I had an offer from Coventry so I gave my notice. I hardly saw him again before I left.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Temporary Secretary, 20 years old, brunette, town of origin Leatherhead and Personal Assistant, 21 years old, redhead, town of origin Hull**

These interviewees had been flatmates for three months at the time of the interview, and now worked in central London. Previously they had shared a large flat with three other girls. All had met at secretarial college.

Quest: Who's going to tell me about your holiday?

Temp: Our grand, randy tour, you mean.

PA: Lewd Luis and his amazing –

Temp: You can't say that!

Quest: Say what?

PA: Our sexy senõr who was ever so well endowed –

Temp: She means he had a huge one.

PA: Oh God –

Temp: Well, if you can be crude so can I. Are you sure you want to go through with this?

Quest: Absolutely certain.

Temp: Aren't you courageous? Isn't he courageous? You realise you're taking your life in your hands –

PA: Is that all?

Temp: Aren't we terrible? We're awful when we get together. You want to ask Luis.

Quest: I'm asking you.

PA: All right we'll do it properly. We promise not to rip your pants off till we've finished.

Quest: It's a deal.

Temp: Shall I start? All right? This was our big grand slam holiday idea –

PA: Wanted it to go with a bang – sorry.

Temp: – Holiday idea! For when we finished at college. You see we were all sharing together and we never had any money and there were never enough fellows – fellows who'd spend any money, that is.

PA: Free with everything else –

Temp: So we booked for this package thing in Majorca. Five of us.

PA: You see, it was in the wintertime, because it didn't cost so much. So if it turned out to be the Costa Geriatrica we could at least have a laugh together.

Quest: Instead you had Luis?

Temp: You'll have to ask *her* about that.

PA: You did as well, didn't you?

Temp: I never.

PA: I thought – but you went back to his room with him, didn't you, surely?

Temp: He was worn out after you lot had been at him.

PA: I never knew that – poor thing.

Quest: Can we start at the beginning?

PA: Beginning – oh, we got an awful place.

Temp: That was Luscious Lulu's idea.

Quest: Who was she?

Temp: One of the girls we went with. She's really beautiful, long blonde hair, deep blue eyes. And she keeps so slim. She's modelling now.

PA: She had the idea we ought to go to some quiet, out of the way bay and miss all the fish and chip shops and souvenir places.

Temp: She had this intellectual kick. She thought if she'd got off with clever men they'd appreciate her mind instead of just trying to grope her. Look what she got –

Quest: Luis?

Temp: Well anticipated. It really was a terrible choice. There was only one bar open in the evening, the hotel was half empty. All middle-aged couples and families and all the half-decent waiters had gone back to the mainland for winter. Except this one, Luis. He was really a sort of classic Latin lover type. Big black eyes, hairy chest, terribly slim hips –

PA: But his English was awful. They all learn German there now. And he thought he was so smooth. It was funny. He'd flash his eyes at you at the dinner table and say – what was that?

Temp: 'Is there any more I can give you to.'

PA: We were always laughing at him. It was rotten really, but he never seemed to mind. And of course he went overboard for Luscious Lulu.

Quest: Did she go out with him?

Temp: She didn't tell us, not until afterwards. Then we got the whole story.

Quest: Which was?

Temp: Oh he tried to have a grope and she wouldn't have any, which I believed. And then he showed it to her.

Quest: His penis?

Temp: She said it was like a cannon. That's always stuck in my mind. Really like a cannon, I mean. Stubby and thick with these huge testicles.

Quest: You told each other everything?

Temp: Oh yes. It's lovely keeping score, even if old sex pants here has all the luck.

Quest: You were lucky with Luis, were you?

PA: I thought he was nice, even if he was someone else's cast off. I went out dancing with him a couple of times.

Quest: And slept with him?

PA: I never *slept* with him. I went back to his room. It was a bit awkward because the hotel didn't like that.

Quest: Did he show you his penis?

PA: He liked to roll it down my cleavage.

Temp: Good old big boobs.

Quest: So you stripped off?

PA: We were messing about on his bed. He only took his bottom half off. He wanted me to put it in my mouth but I've never liked doing that. I mean, I do like it but it's just the thought of swallowing it.

Quest: You didn't have intercourse?

PA: Not in his room.

Temp: You never told me that.

PA: I just didn't want to, I don't know why.

QUEST

why you can't do without it

Quest represents an invaluable insight into female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading, a choice of which is still available from the following back numbers of Mayfair magazine.

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So he just squeezed it between my boobs. He came absolute buckets. I felt rotten, I wished I'd let him.

Quest: But you did later?

PA: We went down to the beach afterwards for a swim. We were horsing about in the water and my bra top came off, and he chased me back onto the beach. Then he started nipping and kissing my boobs – which is fatal for me. The next minute his hands were down the front of my pants and he was coming into me. He wasn't as big as he'd been in the bedroom, though.

Quest: You only had intercourse once?

PA: Right after that he started going out with little Sue – she's nursing now – which didn't exactly please me.

Temp: Then it was my turn. I suppose number four is better than none.

Quest: He made love to you?

Temp: He only got as far as asking me out. I think more happened with little Sue than she said. That's when we all decided to teach him a lesson.

PA: I know I liked him but he wasn't anything fantastic. It was only the shortage of competition that made it so easy for him.

Temp: So on the last night we all had quite a bit of vino and decided to do something about it.

PA: We were all in Sue's room, weren't we? Because she had a double to herself. We were so drunk, too.

Temp: You mean you were, with that ghastly brandy we bought. That didn't last very long. And we had that terrible conversation.

Quest: What about?

Temp: Men's things.

PA: God, I remember.

Temp: We were trying to decide which was more important, being long or being fat. And whether it was better to have a limp one that was long or a little one that grew –

PA: – In your hand! God, I felt so fruity.

Temp: I'm not surprised, you were practically raping that pillow –

PA: I thought it was Dustin Hoffman. I mean, I was pretending. I had this vision of being surrounded by hundreds of jerking penes –

Temp: Rolling about on little Sue's bed, I thought you were bringing yourself off.

PA: I nearly did too

Quest: Just a minute How many of you?

PA: About four, no three because Lulu and Denise were out with those awful Swedes or Germans. It was very late, after one. We were all undressed for bed.

Quest: Naked?

PA: No, just nighties.

Temp: Then Sue said, why don't we call up Luis and beat him up. And you got him on the internal phone thingy.

PA: Yes, I knew the number of his room. I must have sounded so smashed.

Quest: And he came up?

PA: Oh yes.

Temp: I never thought he would, and I'm sure Sue didn't. There was just this very soft knock on the door. He must really have thought his luck was in. We all just stared at each other. Then you said, 'Put out the light,' and I really thought you wanted us to jump on him. Then Sue said, 'Let's have a last look at his thingy.' That started everyone giggling. And you called out, 'Come in darling!' Very sexily.

PA: I remember. I felt incredibly sexy, actually. And the door opened, and there was Luis in a bathrobe.

Quest: Presumably he could only see you?

Temp: We only had the bedside lamp on and you were still on the bed.

PA: He came straight for me – I remember him grinning like an idiot – and his robe fell open and he was starkers underneath. He was quick though. He was nearly standing up before you lot put the light on.

Temp: That was Sue. I just jumped up. But his face was a picture, it really was. Then Sue rushed over to him. She said, 'Come to give us all some fun, darling?' Something like that, and started sidling against him and pulling his robe off.

Quest: It sounds like an orgy.

Temp: It *was*, or as near as I'll ever get. I think we all hated him so much we just wanted to screw him, and I would have done without sexpants here –

Quest: What did she do?

PA: They were raping him, I'd never seen anything like it. Sue was trying to pull his robe off and Fanny here was slobbering all over his chest, so I just grabbed my chance while I could –

Temp: You mean grabbed his thing. I saw this hand come out of nowhere and take hold of the top of his thing. And she was pulling him by it to the bed with her night dress hanging open, and trying to rub herself against the end of it while she went.

PA: I just ached so much, he looked so fat and beautiful. It really was like a dream. I remember falling back onto the bed and he was on top of me.

Temp: So Sue and I were left there like lemons watching good old Luis' white bum bouncing up and down.

PA: You didn't stay there.

Temp: Why should you have all the fun? It was an orgy. I mean, incredibly exciting because everytime Luis humped they moved further onto the bed. So I just pulled off my nightie and rolled on beside them, and started stroking and kissing him. And Sue was rubbing her tits against his bum. Everyone was going mad and, oh God, you must have pulled your legs right up because I saw him go in – I saw his whole prick slam right into you, and I thought I'd come on the spot. I can't even remember what I was doing then. I think I was rubbing myself against his leg. I remember feeling him warm against my crotch and desperately trying to stop that blissy agony.

PA: I only remember him squirming about like a mad thing, and trying to hold onto him. Then he exploded and he was going on and on and on. I was swept away. I thought I was dying. Then he was gone.

Temp: 'Cos sexy Sue had grabbed him.

PA: I didn't see that.

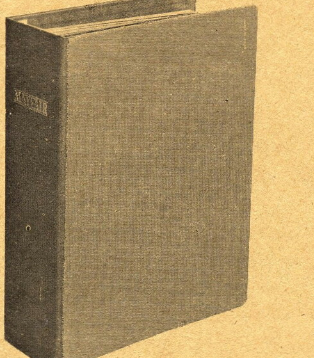
Temp: I was lying back on the bed panting my heart out and I looked up and saw her sprawling all over him. She had him in her mouth and he was just lying there. Then I saw him start to stand up and before he could move she was squatting on top of him and squeezing him inside. Then she started bobbing about like a demented yoyo and moaning. And she must have come quickly or he did because she seemed to flop down almost at once. I think that awful brandy got to me then. I remember closing my eyes and feeling awful, and when I opened them again Luis was staggering about the room trying to get into his bathrobe. I jumped up and tried to help him, but he was muttering something in Spanish – probably, 'What happened!' I realised he was looking for the door. Then he grabbed hold of me and he found the door and we staggered back to his room. God knows why we didn't wake the whole hotel. And he dropped onto his bed and went out like a light. I waited for ages and then trotted back, feeling a bit of an idiot. Sue and sexy here were flat out.

PA: Can we rip your pants off now?

Quest: I don't think you'd get them off after a story like that.

Temp: Victory!

Quest: Thanks very much.



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snappy – Vol 9 No 8). And thirdly one about an Englishman, Scotsman and Welshman at the grave of an Irish friend, which appeared in Vol 10 No 5. These three jokes were definitely *Mayfair* jokes – of that there cannot be any doubt.

Tony Graham, Bognor

It seems to me that on reading Vol 10 No 10, you missed a good opportunity for a tease in the 'Coming Next Month' feature of Vol 10 No 9. What an intriguing line you could have worked out for Debbie Monro. Something like 'Debbie's Blue Pitcher,' perhaps. Your sales would have rocketed, don't you think?

Naturally, I refer to the pics on page 57, which show Debbie with a blue pitcher – the jug type!

M T, Hampstead, London

The splendid pictures by Clive McLean were taken in Tunis but we thought it a bit too tres sheik *to tease you with a 'blue pitcher' – the significance of such a line might be a bit evaseive, too.*

Why have your Quest interviewers taken so long to reach the subject of girls who like to show themselves off (Girls who Like to be Watched, Vol 10 No 10)? My wife has always admitted to liking this aspect of sex and I enjoy watching her, but this gave rise to a very erotic incident while we were camping in Switzerland earlier this year. One particular day towards evening we were returning to our car after a walk through town when we were caught in a terrific thunder storm and in seconds were soaked to the skin. The rain instantly turned Pam's light white summer dress practically transparent, showing her only undergarment as a tiny pair of pale blue panties. I pointed this out to her and she told me she had always wanted to walk nude in a rain storm. I said, half-jokingly, that she would never dare but before I could say another word she had stepped into the doorway of a closed shop and peeled off her panties. This left the faint shadowed outline of her pubic triangle as well as her now aroused nipples showing through her dress. With her grinning at me but saying nothing, we walked back to the car, a distance of nearly 100 yards.

Once inside, now thoroughly cold, we stripped off, rubbing ourselves down with a towel we had used for swimming earlier that day. Luckily I kept an old pair of jeans and a sweater in the back of the car, but Pam had no dry clothes, only a raincoat which she put on. We drove off with the heater going full blast but I soon realised that we were not going to reach our camp before it was very late and Pam suggested we stop to eat at a small village restaurant.

We found a suitable place and chose a secluded, dimly lit alcove. After some hot soup and some wine we began to warm up again and Pam suddenly told me that the leather seat on which her still bare bottom was resting was turning her on. Probably the wine too had had its effect because she began to grin in the way she had in the rain and slowly began to unbutton her raincoat. Fascinated I watched as the weight of her full breasts forced open her coat, revealing her cleavage fully and allowing the edge of the material to rest on her stiffening nipples. Excited now myself I eased off my shoe and lifting my foot under the table gently eased my toe into her naked crotch. A gasp and a shiver from Pam showed that this was appreciated. At that moment, however, I noticed our waiter approaching, still invisible to Pam, and I said nothing.

Coming into our alcove he began to ask if there was anything else we wanted and as he did so his eyes took in Pam's almost fully revealed bosom. She blushed furiously but made no effort to cover herself up. The waiter continued to talk about the next course, trying hard to keep his eyes on me and I noticed Pam let her coat slip slowly off her shoulders. By the time he had taken my order for two coffees Pam was naked to the waist and the waiter backed away nervously, pausing only at the entrance to the alcove to stare long and hard at Pam until I began to turn round and look at him.

Amazed that she had allowed the 'game' to go this far, I

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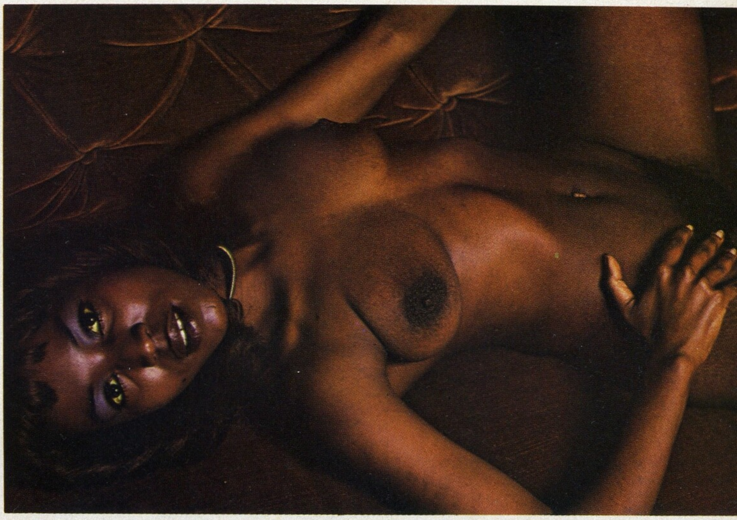
Claudette

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JIM BUNKER

It's a long way to Tipperary and it's also a long way to Kingston, Jamaica, the birthplace of 23-year-old Claudette Durity. Now if Claudette's face and well-rounded 37–25–36 have a familiar ring, to save you endless brain-racking, sleepless nights, the chances are that you probably saw her in the film *Performance*, which starred Mick Jagger, the well-known pop personage. 'Working with Mick was a real experience,' says Claudette with a throaty chuckle. 'All my girlfriends were jealous for weeks, though I can't say that I really blame them. He's such a sexy man. It's odd that I fancy him though, because normally I go for big hunky guys and old Mick's



not exactly what you'd call beefy, is he? Still, it's the exception that makes the real rule.' Claudette at present is in London and on free evenings sits down at her piano and joins in her old favourite songs playing on the hi-fi. 'Soul music,' she laughs. '*That* can't come as much of a surprise. I sing terribly and plunk noisily. I'm sure I must annoy the neighbours, but I do have fun!'

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said to her, 'Why don't you go and hang your coat up?' and indicated the clothes peg which was about 10 yards away. Though there was no one near it she would be in view of several men at the bar. 'If you hang it up for me,' she said, 'I'll walk over when we leave and you can help me put it on.'

The challenge was too good to miss, so I went and hung up the coat. Though we were alone in our alcove and the light was dim, Pam now sat completely nude behind our table. Opposite us was the entrance to the toilets and sooner or later someone was bound to walk down here. They might not see her on the way in but they would be unlikely to avoid her on the way out.

I had just sat down again when the waiter came back with our coffee. This time he did not look at Pam but bent down and whispered in my ear. From his broken English I gathered that the manager would like to photograph Pam nude in his restaurant. I told Pam what he wanted and said it was up to her. I still wasn't sure if he wanted her to pose then or when the restaurant was empty, but Pam replied: 'Tell your manager I will not pose but I will walk to the door as I am now and he can photograph me if he wants to.'

The waiter hurried away and Pam said to me quickly, 'I'll have to do my face,' and got up and went to the toilet door. While she was away the waiter came back and told me there would be no charge for the meal. I got up and went to the bar from which I could see the toilet door. There were only three others with me, our waiter, the manager who had appeared with a camera and one customer. The rest of the restaurant was empty because it was now so late and I noticed the front shutters had been pulled down. We smiled at each other and then Pam came out of the loo, looking much better than before but completely nude but for her high-heeled shoes and handbag. Blushing nicely, and thoroughly aware that every eye was on her, she sat down beside me in full view of everyone at the bar. The manager was so enthusiastic Pam did allow him to take pictures of her straddling her bar stool and later standing against the bar. After he had exhausted all his flashbulbs we walked toward the street door amid wolf whistles and hand claps from the men at the bar. Ducking into the car which was parked directly outside we drove back to our camp site and one of the most exciting bouts of lovemaking we had enjoyed for a long time. And it was only in the morning that we realised we had completely forgotten about Pam's coat.

P T, Surrey

William Boddy's feature in Vol 10 No 9 on the Ford Escort was exceptionally interesting. I did however find a trace in the feature which might lead one to believe that said William Boddy didn't think too much of Fords. Though to his credit he did point out the many – but not all – good points about the Ford Escort. He made special point of decrying the Ford decision to name the Escort, Escort, saying that another Ford, 20 years before had carried the same name. Indeed he also mentioned that there was also a prior Ford 'Popular' – the name chosen for the new low-priced Escort. This is a bit of an unfair criticism, for indeed the precious British Leyland, whom he holds so highly, has decided to rename the Austin 18-22 series, the Princess. Now Austin Princess, there's a name to conjure with. It's also the same for many other cars: the Vauxhall Velox, for instance. Velox was a small car ($4\frac{1}{2}$ hp) made from 1902-4. The Vauxhall Victor, too. The Victor was a 1914-15 Cycle-car. The Triumph Dolomite first appeared in 1934 faded out and reappeared in 1972. These are just a few instances of names being used again.

Brett Fotheringham, Norwich

Roy Brewington's photographs of 17-year-old schoolgirl Sue in Vol 10 No 10, were nothing short of masterly – especially the leggy shot of Sue in crisp starched blouse, black skirt, white socks and T-bar buckled shoes, which sets the show rolling. But I think that as she's got 40 inch knockers, you could have made more of them – after all it's not often that we in Britain uncover our

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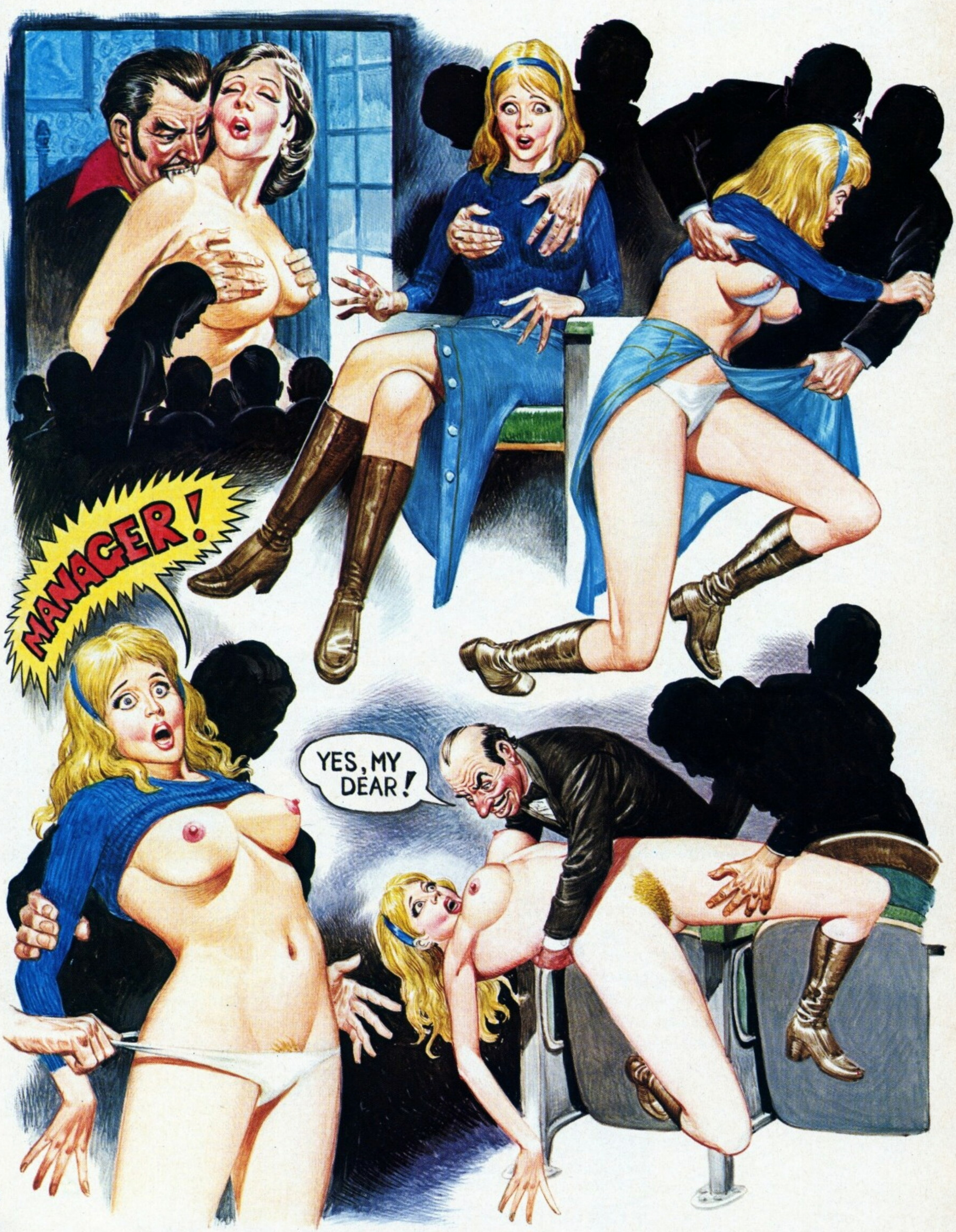
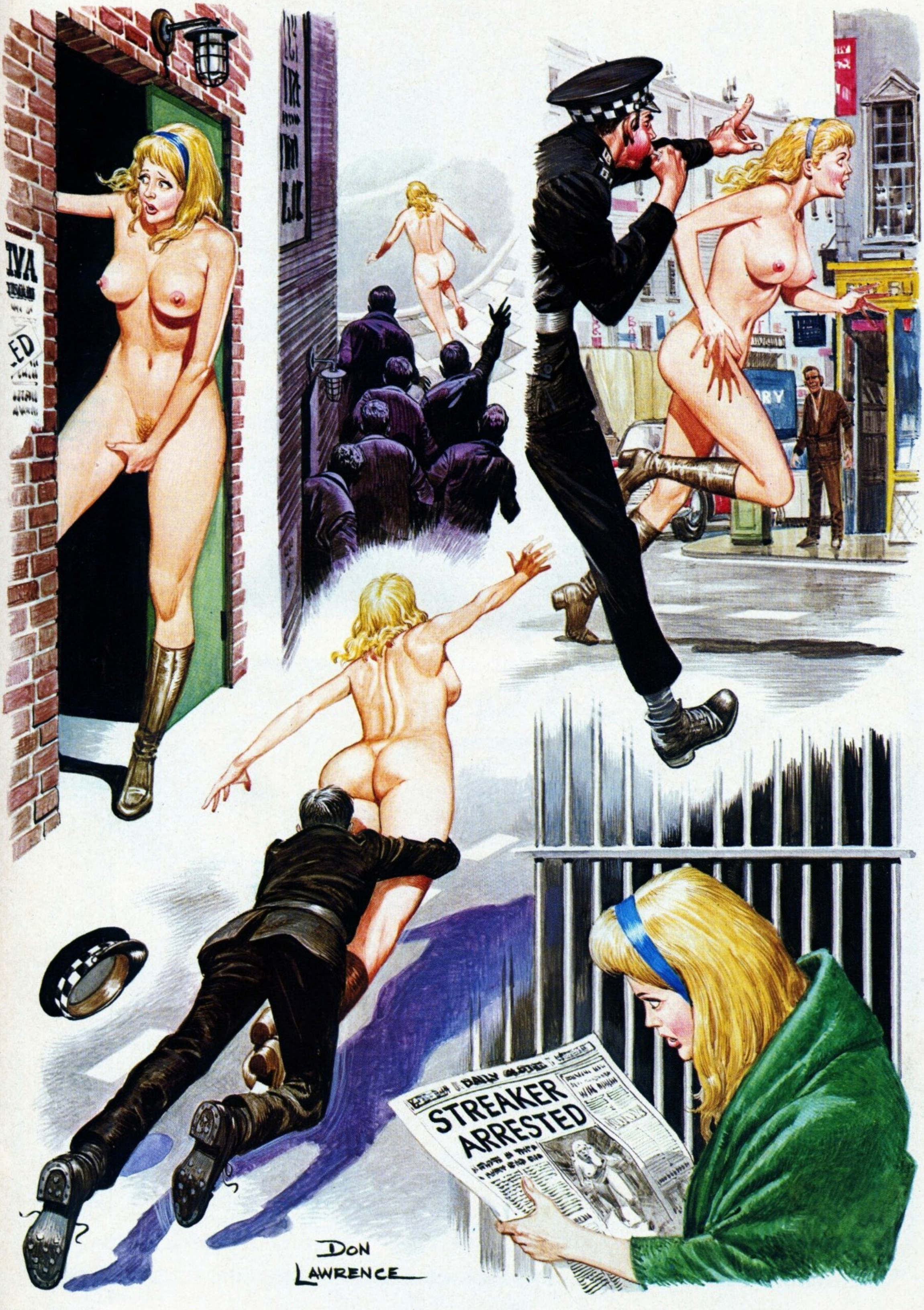
CARRIE

Carrie's last picture show ends with her as the star performer


MANAGER!
YES, MY DEAR!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own large-breasted girls. All too often the big-breasted girls are American: British girls, unless hefty all round, don't seem to be that well endowed. And it's a pity that when we are presented with one such as Sue, not enough of her gorgeous large but firm young handfuls are on show. On the credit side is the main picture on page 88 – Sue, bottom up, on knees and elbows looking into a mirror by what appears to be a bed. This particular shot is the most arousing, combining everything one could wish for – there's something for the bottom fancier and a real treat for the tit men. In this particular pose, with the breast hanging down, the laws of gravity take over and the bosom appears to be even bigger – in complete contrast to other shots of her leaning back or lying on her back when the breasts are stretched inwards and flattened.

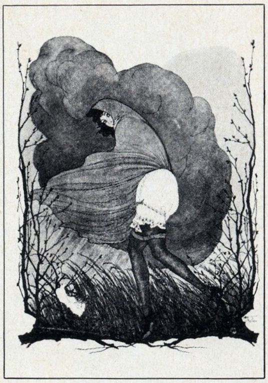
One other point your readers may find interesting. I've devised a method of grading the female protuberances. Below 32 inches, I term NWBA or Not Worth Bothering About; 32 to 34 inches, I call tits; 34 to 38 inches are boobs; and over that are knockers!

Colin Ford, Southampton

A grading system like that is just bound to have its knockers!

Mayfair, you've really made my month with the superbly photographed Faith McDonald (Vol 10 No 10). Her beautiful face, inviting expression, staring eyes, long golden hair and sexy white socks, made her nude pictorial probably one of the most romantic and pleasurable I've seen for months.

Stephen Goodliffe, Wimbledon



This letter reminded us of the sexy bloomer pictures of La Vie Parisienne.

I am a constant reader of your magazine and enjoy your letters pages, especially when a correspondent refers to female undies, particularly schoolgirls' knickers. I prefer the word 'bloomers'. Years ago before bloomers went out of fashion (giving way to pantettes, then scanties, then to briefs, panties and bikinis) I became fascinated with them. I used to visit a family which included four teenage girls, one of them being my sweetheart. On pleasant days they would take off their skirts and romp around in their bloomers. I remember one day their father admonished them. But the daughters with one voice, replied, 'Dad, our bloomers are clean, pretty and paid for.' My sweetheart well knew that later in the evening I would take her for a walk to our favourite secluded spot where I would slowly pull the waist elastic to the leg elastics and then down over her feet and then we would make love. My first preoccupation with bloomers began as a boy. There we were, mother dead, father away a lot on business – a daily relative to assist in housekeeping for me and a girl cousin of about my age, 15 or 16, who slept out on a balcony but kept her clothes in my bedroom. Every morning getting up before me to prepare breakfast and school lunches, she'd walk through my room in her nightie to the bathroom, returning naked, believing me to be fast asleep. Peeping from the bed-clothes I'd see her bending over to pull out a drawer – giving me a delightful view of her bum and her smiling cunt – and extract a pair of Fuji-silk bloomers and, bending over again, put her legs into them and then pull them right up and finish dressing.

(*Name and address withheld*)

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